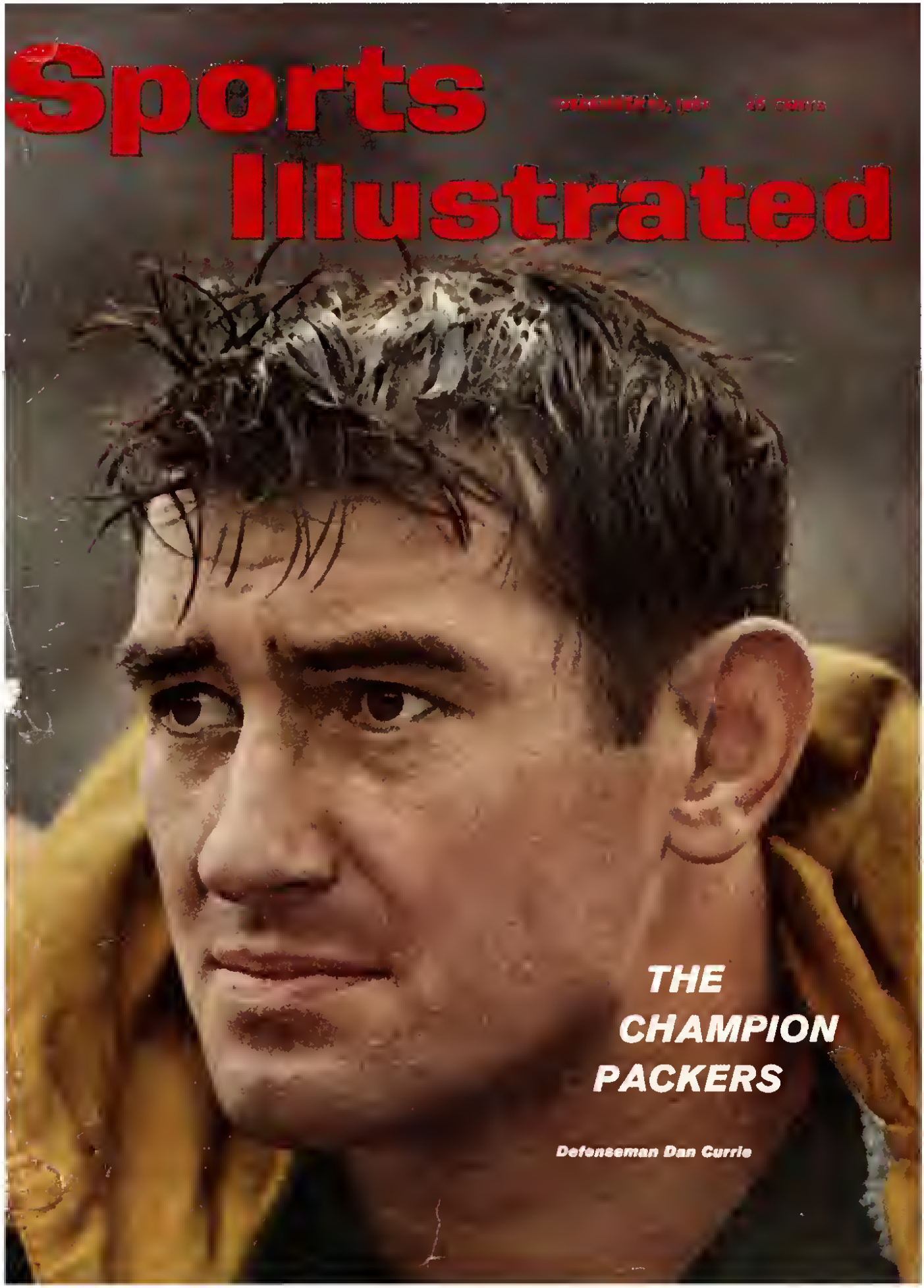

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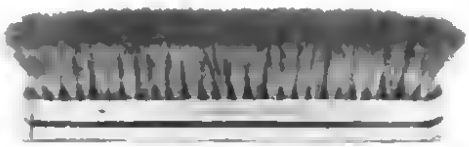
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Motor: Hand driven. Gets messy fast. Tires easily. Temperamental. Sometimes just doesn't have any get-up and shine (what good is its lifetime guarantee).

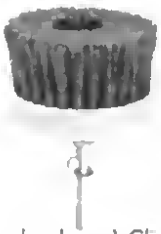


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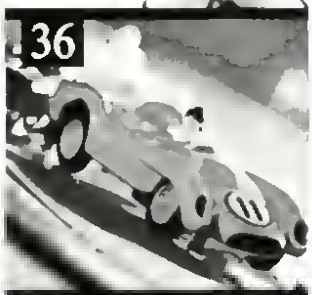


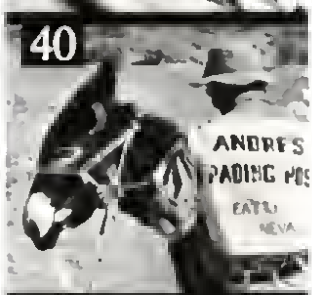


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Next week

Our holiday issue is replete with special features. The college bowl games are carefully scouted. Charles Goren presents another bridge quiz, and Robert Coughlan introduces the Democratic Party's most distinguished consort. Perhaps our most notable "special," however, is a 40-page examination, in prose and in dramatic color photography, of sportsmen and sportswomen in the U.S. and throughout the world—past and present. Alexander Eliot tells the fantastic story of Heracles, and Barbara Heilman introduces a modern earth-shaker named B. E. Bensinger. The delights of our color camera report are, we hope, epitomized by the lovely French girl who graces our cover (*below*).



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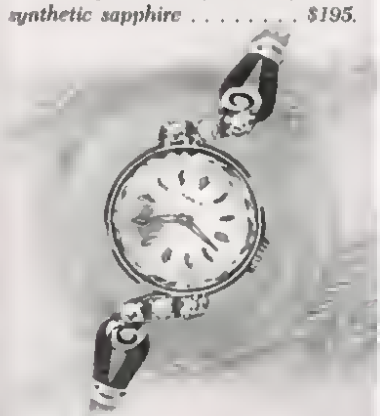
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POINT OF FACT

An NFL playoff game quiz to excite the memory and increase knowledge of fans and armchair experts

? *In 1933 the National Football League was divided into Eastern and Western Divisions, and a playoff game between divisional champions was started to determine the league champion. How was the league championship decided before 1933?*

• Before 1933, the team with the best percentage was the NFL champion. It was not always the team with the most wins, because each team did not play the same number of games. In 1924, for example, Cleveland won the title with a 7-1-1 record (.875) while the 11-2-1 record (.846) of the Frankford Yellow Jackets (Philadelphia) was good only for third place.

? *What team has played in the most championship playoff games?*

• The N.Y. Giants have represented the Eastern Division 11 times, but have won only three playoff games (1934, 1938 and 1956).

? *What team has won the most championship playoff games?*

• The Chicago Bears have won five times in nine games (1933, 1940, 1941, 1943 and 1946). The Detroit Lions have the next-best record, with four wins in five games (1935, 1952, 1953 and 1957).

? *Has any team ever won three straight playoff games?*

• No. The best has been two wins in a row, and the teams, besides the Bears and the

Lions, which did it were the Philadelphia Eagles (1948 and 1949), the Cleveland Browns (1954 and 1955) and the Baltimore Colts (1958 and 1959).

? *Has any team lost three playoff games in a row?*

• Yes. The Cleveland Browns, who won a record six successive Eastern Division titles between 1950 and 1955, lost the 1951, '52 and '53 playoff games.

? *How many of the 14 teams currently in the NFL have never appeared in a playoff game?*

• Except for the new teams—Dallas, Minnesota and the St. Louis Cardinals—only the Pittsburgh Steelers and the San Francisco 49ers have failed to win a division title and thus appear in the playoff game. The Cardinals, however, played in the 1947 and 1948 playoff games when the team represented Chicago.

? *The most lopsided score in a playoff game was the Chicago Bears' famous 73-0 win over the Washington Redskins in 1940. What other teams have lost badly in the playoff game?*

• In 1954 Cleveland beat Detroit 56-10. Three years later the Lions got their revenge with a 59-14 win over the Browns.

? *Who completed the most passes in a single playoff game?*

• Philadelphia's Tommy Thompson completed 27 of 44 passes against the Chicago Cardinals in 1947. The Eagles lost, however, 28-21.

? *Who caught the most passes in a single playoff game?*

• Ray Berry caught 12 for a record 178 yards in the Baltimore Colts' 1958 overtime win over the Giants.

? *What passer holds the record for most total passes completed in playoff competition? What receiver has caught the most total passes?*

• The Cleveland Browns' passing combination of Otto Graham to Dante Lavelli holds both records. Graham threw 86 completed passes (out of a record 159 attempts) in six games, and Lavelli caught 24 in six

continued



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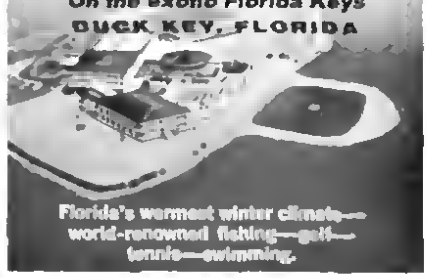
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POINT OF FACT

? Who made the longest run from scrimmage in a playoff game? The longest kickoff return? The longest punt return?

• Elmer Angsman, of the Chicago Cardinals, twice ran 70 yards from scrimmage against the Eagles in 1947. Washington's Max Krause returned a kickoff 62 yards against the Bears in 1940. Charlie Trippi, of the Cardinals, returned a punt 75 yards for a touchdown in the 1947 game.

? What player threw the longest pass in a playoff game?

• Bob Waterfield combined with Glenn Davis for an 82-yard touchdown pass for the Los Angeles Rams in 1950 against the Browns.

? Who holds the record for the most field goals in one playoff game? The longest field goal?

• Four players have kicked three field goals in one game: the Bears' Jack Manders in 1933, the Bears' Bob Snyder in 1941, the Browns' Lou Groza in 1953 and the Giants' Pat Summerall in 1959. Groza kicked a 52-yard field goal against the L.A. Rams in 1951.

? Has anyone ever scored three touchdowns in a playoff game?

• Yes. Otto Graham not only passed for three touchdowns against Detroit in 1954, he also set a record by running for three touchdowns. Graham, who was far better known as a passer, averaged 4.7 yards each time he carried the ball in playoff games (222 yards gained in 47 attempts).

? Has any team ever failed to complete a single forward pass in a playoff game?

• No, but two teams—the 1935 Lions (against the Giants) and the 1948 Eagles (against the Chicago Cardinals)—completed only two passes. Both, strangely enough, won their games.

? What team gained the most yards in one game?

• Not surprisingly, it was the 1940 Bears in that 73-0 game against Washington—with 501 yards. The Bears also set a rushing record of 382 yards in that game. The Redskins, however, hold the passing record of 371 yards, set in 1937 against the Bears.

– ARLIE W. SCHARDT

SCORECARD

THE NATIONAL GAME

A number of people, some of them distinguished, are trumpeting the claim that pro football is replacing baseball as the national game. Branch Rickey, for one, a brilliant baseball figure but evidently a disenchanted one, has taken the new position. Oliver Kuechle, the respected sports editor of the *Milwaukee Journal*, recently told a convention of newspaper brasshats: "Baseball is a moribund sport, and football, specifically pro football, will shortly become our national pastime." Perhaps bedazzled by the strong light coming from Green Bay, 100 miles to the north, Kuechle predicted that pro football will expand its league schedule, play midweek games and knock baseball all but out of the box in a mere 10 or 20 years. George Preston Marshall, owner of the Washington Redskins, takes a predictably similar position.

Sorry, but we are not quite ready to attend the last rites of the great game of baseball. There is plenty of evidence that the corpse is still lively. Television ratings (admittedly slippery items to deal with) show that the average weekend World Series game pulls 5 million more viewers than the average National Football League championship game. Furthermore, there are some tiny seeds of apathy growing in football's garden, although you'd never get a pro football booster to admit it. In Washington, for example, Mr. Marshall's Redskins have excited no citywide swell of enthusiasm, and are considered far more inept, in their own league, than baseball's Kansas City A's or Philadelphia Phillies in theirs. To be sure, baseball has suffered recently from money-grubbing tactics by its owners. But football owners are not in business for their health, either, and their tendency to write schedules which artificially guarantee climactic game after climactic game eventually will begin to wear thin with the fans.

So for all those polemicists on each side, we offer a palatable compromise. Pro football, for four months of the year, is the national game. But baseball remains the national game for 12.

We await word from the horseplayers.

SUMMIT SWITCH

It's not a new joke, but we admire President Kennedy's finesse in working it into a speech before the AFL-CIO in Bal Harbour, Fla. "I am delighted to be here with you and with the Secretary of Labor, Arthur Goldberg," the President said. "I was up in New York stressing physical fitness, and in line with that Arthur went over with a group to Switzerland to climb some mountains there. They all got up, but when they all came back at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he didn't come back with them.

"They sent out search parties, and there was no sign of him that afternoon or night. The next day the Red Cross went out and around calling 'Goldberg! Goldberg! It's the Red Cross!'

"Then this voice came down the mountain: 'I gave at the office.' "

THE THANKS YOU GET

The Pennsylvania Fish Commission may be excused if it comes to the conclusion that some anglers are not worth helping. Recently a mining company pumped toxic waste into the north branch of the Susquehanna River, killing 116,280 bass and walleyes and ruining the stream for at least three years (SI, Nov. 6). Instead of twiddling its thumbs in the manner of some fish commissions, the Pennsylvania group landed on the mining company with every legal means at its command and intends to bill it for the exact amount of fish killed.

For its pains, the commission now finds itself inundated with demands by Susquehanna anglers for refunds of their license fees. We admire Executive Director Albert Day's forthright stand on this matter, too. He told the anglers, in a nice way, to go whistle up a rainspout. "The position which you appear to take," he wrote each fisherman, "is that the unfortunate disaster can in some strange fashion be improved by financially penalizing the agency that has been working tirelessly to force those who are responsible for the tragedy to repair their damage to the river." He returned all the licenses and denied all the refunds. A tough cookie, Albert Day, and Pennsylvania is lucky to have him around.

DEATH OF POOL

The image-makers are moving in on another sport. This time it's pool—oops, we mean pocket billiards. The agency that will reshape pool in the national consciousness calls itself the Billiard Room Proprietors Association of America. Get a load of a few of the things the BRPAA intends to do:

"Cooperate fully with civic and law enforcement officials and agencies in every manner possible to solve a major problem of today's youth—what to do with leisure time.

"Maintain uniformly high standards of conduct and deportment and provide a wholesome recreational atmosphere at all times."

If that isn't enough to turn your stomach, here's the clincher: BRPAA will attempt to "attract potential women players to the game." In this connection the



new organization is already gloating over widely printed newspaper pictures of Queen Mother Elizabeth wielding a cue at London's Press Club.

To all of this nonsense, we say: BRPAA, go home. Or go out and organize the Tiddly-Winkers. Let pool alone. Pool is the last refuge of the harassed male. The pool hall is the last place you can tell a gamy joke without lowering your voice. It is the last place you can tell a guy what you really think of him and then whip him on the table at a nickel a ball. Pool shooters don't want "a wholesome recreational atmosphere at all times." They revel in the thick pall

continued


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We realize, alas, that the press agents probably will prevail. Just as they changed bowling alleys to lanes and gutters to channels, they will change pool halls to "billiard rooms" and cue sticks to "directional rods" and cue balls to "primary spheres." We can see their slogan of the future already.

"Fight juvenile delinquency! Take a child to a billiard room today." A catastrophe has befallen a grand old game.

OFFSIDE

Clarence Campbell, the president of the National Hockey League, last week suspended George Hayes, a linesman of 16 years' standing, for riding in coaches, billing the league for Pullman fare and pocketing the difference. The case brought to light once again that the NHL owners are as cheap a bunch as can be found anywhere in sports. Hayes was paid about $40 a game by the NHL and his seasonal salary came to about $4,400. This figure is the highest paid to any linesman in the NHL. Most of them make between $2,500 and $3,000, hardly commensurate with the NHL's profits.

In suspending Hayes, Campbell said, "We want officials who are fit and in proper condition to work." We suggest to Campbell and the owners of "big league" hockey clubs that the first step in achieving this laudable aim would be to pay fitting and proper salaries.

HEARTY PERENNIAL POACHER

James Hawker, an appropriately named Englishman, started poaching in the rural Midlands in 1850 when he was 14. He continued poaching until a few months before his death in 1921. Hawker's reminiscences now have been published in England under the title *A Victorian Poacher* (Oxford University Press). A tailor's son, he earned a bad living as a cobbler but did all right as a poacher. Although he probably never heard of Karl Marx, Hawker personified the class struggle. He called the landed gentry the Class, and took delight in evening up scores with them in Leicestershire.

Hawker wore a long covert coat that came down over his legs and contained secret pockets to hide hares and pheasants. He walked with a slight limp, not because he was lame, but because a sawed-off rifle was usually in his trouser leg. Drink, he felt, was a curse. He once laid out a batch of raisins soaked in rum or gin and quickly caught a score of pheasants as they stumbled along in the woods. He said sternly to the boy he was teaching to poach: "Now, young master, you see what drink does to you."

The penalty for poaching was 14 years' transportation to the colonies and although Hawker was sometimes caught, he managed to escape frequently, for he was a fleet runner as well as a good shot. He maintained "no man has been in more Danger and Suffered less than I have done." He lost only one rifle and one net in his 70 years as a poacher and got plenty of fresh air as well as game. There were some hardships. "Nothing smells worse than Rabbetts," Hawker wrote. He learned a lot about animals and claimed the fox was among the laziest of all. He regarded the stoat as the sanitary officer of the woods, keeping down the population of diseased rabbits.

Poverty, Hawker claimed, made him a poacher. "With respect to a bit of meat, I never se any the First 10 years of my Life, only on Sunday." He defended poaching as a right and an art and his maxim for aspiring poachers was "Never do anything at Random."

THE INSIDE TRACK

- Watch for Avelino Gomez, long regarded as the best jockey in Canada, to emerge as one of the top U.S. jockeys this winter. In his first stakes race in this country in 10 years, he won last Saturday's Dade Metropolitan Handicap at Tropical Park with a 16-to-1 shot. Gomez, a hawk-faced Cuban, has ridden many of the top Canadian horses of recent seasons and in 1960 won with a third of his mounts. American jockeys who have ridden against him in Canadian stakes races maintain that he is an uncanny judge of pace and that he is not fearful of sending his mounts through tight openings.
- The gate at the Sonny Liston-Albert Westphal fight in Philadelphia, announced as only 2,432, was held down by two of the city's biggest papers, the *Inquirer* and *News* (combined circulation 889,658). Editors met weeks before the fight and decided not to take any part in publicizing it. They felt that Liston's arrest record makes him the type of person who should not be held in esteem by the youth of Philadelphia.
- Vanderbilt, the "Ivy League School of the South," may revise its football program to regain its onetime stature as a

continued

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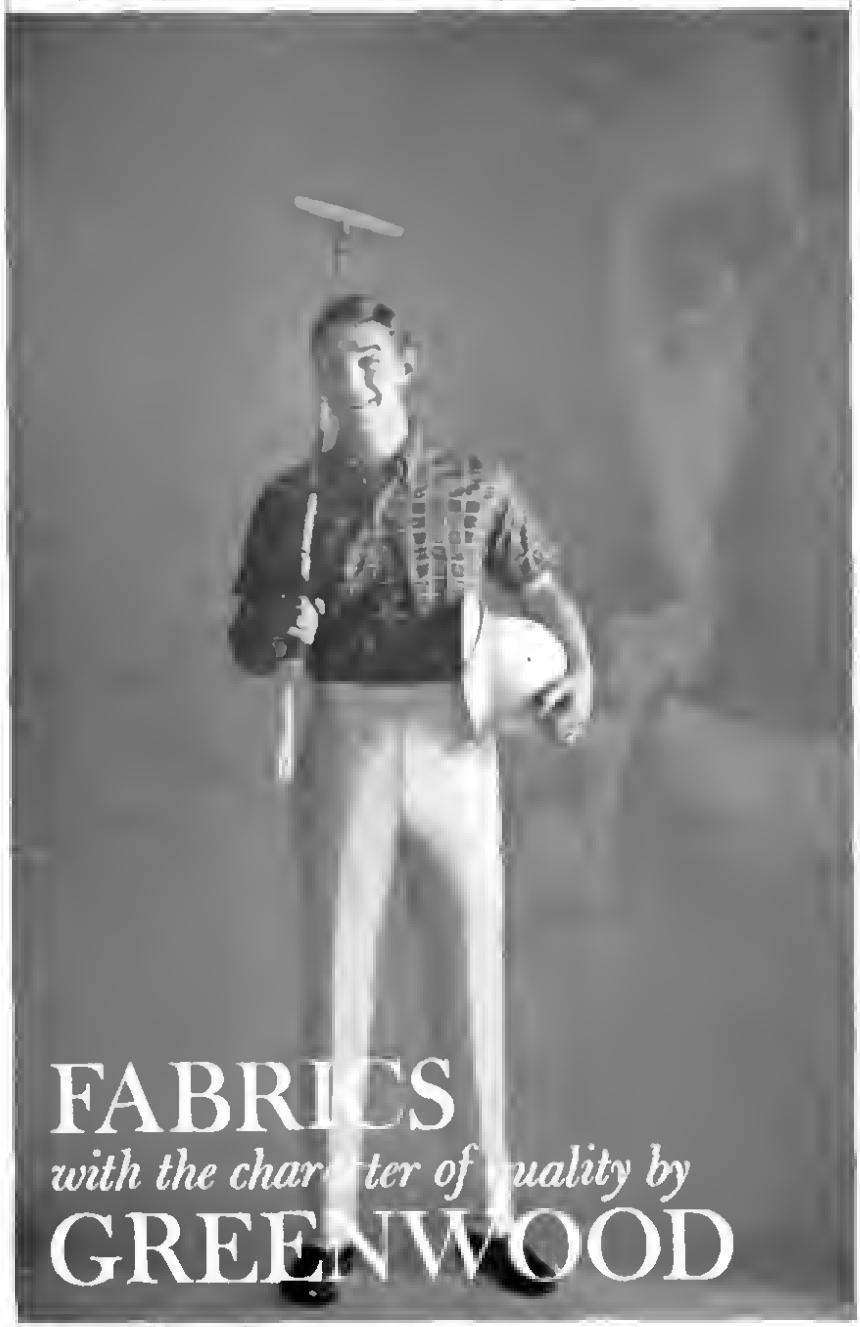
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national power. The athletic council is toying with the idea of providing a special football dormitory and increasing the yearly athletic scholarship allotment by 50%.

• The National Hockey League may expand to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Present plans call for the expansion to become effective in 1965.

THE GOLDEN MEAN

The American Bowling Congress has worn out a few computing machines to determine that ABC league members last year knocked down 76 billion pins weighing 250 billion pounds. Of more interest to the bowling bowler, however, is the figure 153.968, which the ABC says is the exact average score rolled by the 4 million ABC members. Al Matzelle, ABC assistant secretary, observes: "You'll find a lot of company at 153."

ALL-AMERICA BALONEY

The All-America football teams get curiouser and curiouser. Take the case of Alex Kroll, center on the strong Rutgers team. Ever since last spring he has been publicized by Rutgers as an "All-America center," although he was no such thing last year. Rutgers went undefeated and got a lot of space and, naturally, the "All-America" center was mentioned often.

The result of all this exposure was Kroll's selection as first-string All-America on just about everybody's team including AP, UPI, NEA, the American Football Coaches Association and *Look* magazine. We don't blame all these people for selecting Kroll: how can you evaluate some 20,000 college football players without relying on their publicity through the season? We merely want to call their attention to another "all" team, this one the All-conference team selected by the Middle Atlantic Conference, the league that includes Bucknell, Delaware, Lafayette, Lehigh and, of course, Rutgers. These teams have been banging heads with Rutgers all year long, and they know Kroll pretty well. They list him only as "honorable mention," after two other centers.

WINGED BEEF

Kenneth Tertipes, a New Mexican wrestling fan, purchased a ringside seat at a place called the Sports-A-Torium, in Albuquerque, to see Juan (El Toro) Garcia engage Terrible Tom Tomasos.

continued



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Avidly watching the match, Tertipes suddenly found the 240-pound body of Terrible Tom deposited in his lap.

Now Kenneth Tertipes, ex-wrestling fan, has brought suit for $9,000 damages. In the complaint, the wrestlers are called behemoths. The plaintiff appears to feel that the behemoths were guilty of carelessness and negligence beyond the call of wrestling duty. The document states that Tertipes believes Terrible *Tom's body hit the ring ropes, a steel* ring post collapsed, and all this caused Terrible Tom's body to fall into plaintiff's lap. Sadly Tertipes adds that he doesn't think he can take any more of the "new rough wrestling." Perhaps some of the $9,000 he wants will compensate him for this mental deprivation —if the judge gives him the legal fall.

ONE STEP TOO MANY

The Eastern College Athletic Conference, largest of the collegiate groups with 134 schools, has taken steps aimed at preventing basketball scandals—or, for that matter, *any* sports scandals. We applaud their actions—all but one.

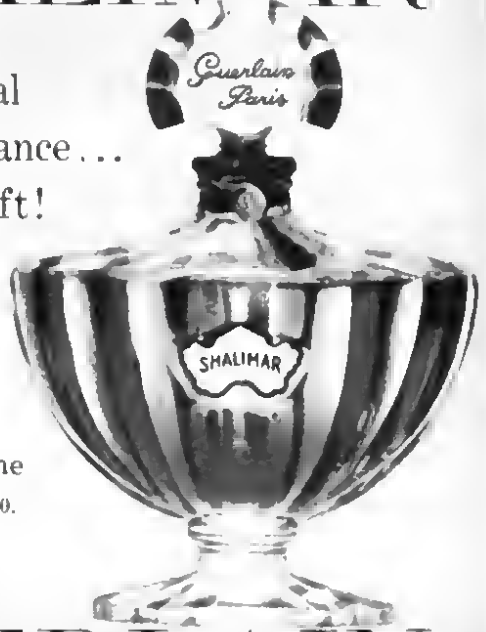
Following what is apparently a nationwide trend, the conference has banned participation by its players in summer basketball leagues in camps, playgrounds and resort areas. The theory behind this move is that youngsters are apt to meet undesirable characters in such competition.

In the first place, college officials have absolutely no right to tell a student what he may not do during his summer vacation, except to insist that he remain an amateur if he intends to continue playing for his school. Second, the recent basketball fixes prove that many of the players who took bribes to shave points were reached right on their college campuses. Finally, the vast majority of summer leagues serve highly creditable purposes. They provide wholesome activity for thousands of college and precollege youngsters who are at loose ends for several months. They provide the opportunity for players to improve their skills under the guidance of expert coaches who often donate their services without pay. They provide pleasure for thousands of spectators, nearly always without admission fees.

The ban is an attempt to direct public attention from the problems colleges face in their own backyards. It should be stricken. **END**

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THE DAY THE BOYS



Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 18, 1961

It was a game undecided until the final play, and as it progressed, tension grew on the Giant bench, touching the old quarterback, Charlie Conerly, and Allie Sherman, his coach. There was always the chance that the inferior team, the Eagles, might win. For the story of how close they came, turn the page

Photographs by Neil Leifer

SCARED THE MEN

THE SPIRIT WAS WILLING

by ROY TERRELL

Man for man, the Philadelphia Eagles are boys. With a defense that three Sam Huffs couldn't cure and a running game that was out of town when it was time for the last 5,000-mile check, the Eagles have no business occupying the same stadium with the New York Giants, to select a name not entirely at random. Of all the things a team must do well to win in the National Football League, the Eagles manage only one: the pass. It hardly seems enough.

Yet last Sunday, while 60,000 hysterical Philadelphians kept themselves warm by pounding each other on top of the head, the Eagles frightened the Giants half to death, playing them down to the last second of as exciting a football game as ancient Franklin Field has contained in years. The Eagles went down, and on the way they probably lost the NFL championship. But they went down like champions should, losing only 28–24 and scoring more points against the magnificent New York defense than any team has been able to score this year.

Now the Giants can lock up their third Eastern Conference title in four years with a victory over the Browns this weekend.

Actually, the Giants were never in danger of losing, they kept telling themselves. Fifty seconds deep in the third quarter, they had a 21–10 lead. Then the Eagles scored. The Giants had a 28–17 lead with three minutes left in the game —and the Eagles scored again. At the end the Eagles were threatening to score once more. They just ran out of time.

Philadelphia is a team that seems to have been running out of time all year, with only a fierce sense of pride, the excellent coaching of a virtually unknown staff and that sensational passing attack to keep it alive. "We're not a sound ball club," said Nick Skorich, the head unknown, before the game on Sunday. "Sometimes it really shows. When we lose, we lose big." In mid-November, leading the league with a 7–1 record, the Eagles lost twice in succession, 38–21 to the Giants and 45–24 to the Browns. "We were the defending champions," said Skorich. "Then, when we lost those two games we were really kissed off. The guys got mad and they climbed back on top again. There's a hell of a spirit on this ball club."

It is well that the spirit is there, for the flesh doesn't look like it could beat Overbrook High. On the defensive club, only three could play for the Giants: Chuck Bednarik, now 36 but still Bednarik and therefore superior as a middle linebacker to New York's Tom Scott; Leo Sugar, a fine left end who might have replaced Jim Katcavage if he had gotten there first; and Tom Brookshier at left halfback. Brookshier is good enough to play for anyone except that Brookshier has had a broken leg for a month and can't even play for the Eagles.

In Clarence Peaks, Billy Barnes, Ted Dean and Tim Brown, Philadelphia is blessed with four of the better running backs in the NFL and also four of the most frustrated, since the Eagle line hasn't opened a decent hole in years. This places a staggering responsibility upon the passing game, on red-haired Christian Adolph Jurgensen, playing his first season as No. 1 quarterback, and on the three receivers, Tommy McDonald, Pete Retzlaff and Bobby Walston. Jurgensen has been sensational, leading the league in completions and yardage and touchdown passes while threatening a handful of NFL records held by men with names like Sammy Baugh, Sid Luckman, Johnny Unitas, Bobby Layne and Norm Van Brocklin, the man Jurgensen rendered obsolete.

Still, for all his great arm, Sonny Jurgensen is 47 years younger and 24 years less experienced than Y. A. Tittle and Charlie Conerly, the quarterbacks he had to outperform on Sunday. As for the receivers, their edge over Del Shofner, Kyle Rote and Joe Walton of the Giants is a thin one. The Eagles, particularly McDonald, run better when they catch the ball but the passing and catching are little enough with which to challenge a team that can score like blazes and has the brute defense to back up its offense.

Naturally, the Eagle coaches were concerned, and in the long week before the game, in the overheated dressing rooms under Franklin Field and out on the freezing, windswept practice field down by the Schuylkill, they wrestled with one basic problem: how to help Jurgensen get the ball to McDonald, Retzlaff and Walston more often than Tittle or Conerly could get the ball to Rote, Shofner and Walton. To accomplish the first, they decided to open up the Eagle offense with a strange-looking spread formation that they called the stacked deck. "We send Retzlaff out wide to the left," explained Charlie Gauer, who shares the offensive coaching duties with Skorich, "then we send three others wide to the right and stack them up one behind the other: McDonald, Walston and Brown. Or we stack to the left, with Retzlaff, Walston and Brown. When the ball is snapped, they scatter. If the Giants shift another linebacker out there to help cover, we have a couple of running plays that might go with Peaks up the middle.

"Anyway," said Gauer, "it might give the Giants something to think about."

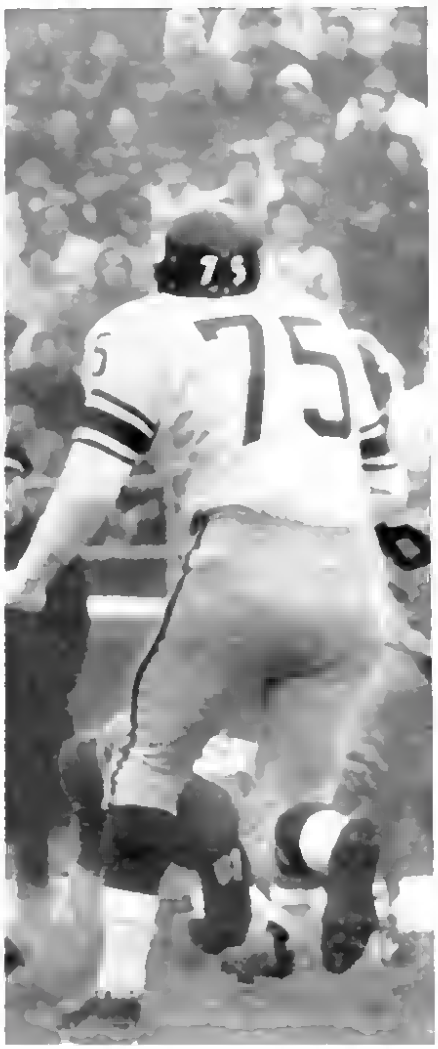
FIERCELY, IMPLACABLY, INEVITABLY—THE



Since the Eagles always manage to score, the Eagles were more concerned with slowing down the Giants. "Naturally we have to stop their running game," said Jerry Williams, who handles the defense. "If we can't stop Webster on those cutbacks, we're dead. But our main problem is stopping Del Shofner."

To stop Shofner, the tall, blond sprinter who wrecked the Eagles a month before, the Eagles would normally assign Brookshier to stick to his back like a burr. With Brookshier gone, and a rookie named Irv Cross at his position, the problem was far more complicated. "Cross has come along wonderfully," said Williams, "but he's going to need help. What we plan to do is rotate the secondary completely to cover Shofner. The linebacker, Maxie Baughan, will try to hold Shofner up at the line; then Cross will protect against the flat and the down-and-out. If Shofner goes deep, the safety man on that side, Freeman or Burroughs, will help out. If the Giants begin to hurt us with Rote or Walton, we'll have to try something else. But Shofner is the man we're afraid of."

GIANTS SURROUND SONNY JURGENSEN



As prophets, the Eagle coaches were superb. Shofner caught only four passes all day—but three went for touchdowns. The fourth Giant touchdown was scored by Walton on a pass while the Eagle secondary was concentrating on Shofner. Even the best plans go astray.

The Giants scored on their fourth offensive play, from the Eagle 41. Tittle faked Alex Webster into the left side and the Eagle defense came up much too quickly. Before Don Burroughs could recover, Shofner was behind him, and Tittle's pass settled into the tall end's hands on the 15, from where he breezed across. It was pitifully easy. Pat Summerall kicked the first of his four extra points.

After a Philadelphia field goal made the score 7-3, the Eagles pulled their stacked deck. From the Eagle 48, Retzlaff, Walston and Brown went wide to the left. Jurgensen gazed in their direction, then threw to McDonald, who had gone downfield and cut across the middle, gaining a stride on the defender, Erich Barnes. McDonald took the pass, ran past Jimmy Patton, who was coming up to help out, raced past Dick Lynch and scored. Walston's kick made it 10-7 and Philadelphia went wild.

Although they recovered two more Giant fumbles, the Eagles were unable to score again in the first half. But the Giant offense, which had been able to do nothing with the Eagle secondary after that opening touchdown, came up with a solution. Coach Allie Sherman, noticing that the Eagles were covering Shofner with two and even three men, sent in Charlie Conerly to run them off the field. Conerly has played very little for the Giants this year, but he has a great deal of experience at handling unusual situations and he handled this one well. He ran Webster off tackle to force Baughan back into position, then, with only Cross and Burroughs left to cover Shofner, he sent Shofner deep from the 35—and threw to Walton, crossing over. Walton caught the ball at the 15 and ran untouched into the end zone.

The Giants picked right up in the second half and on the second play scored again. Conerly faked Webster into the line once more, then shot the ball to Shofner, slanting across from his split left-end position toward the center of the field. Burroughs made the tackle too late and Shofner fell across the goal. The score was now 21-10.

With Andy Robustelli turning Jurgensen into his personal tackling dummy, the Eagles could get nowhere until midway of the fourth quarter. Then they began to roll. They had a touchdown pass from Jurgensen to Brown called back because of a pushing penalty, but on the next series of downs Jurgensen sent a bullet into McDonald's hands on the right sideline and the little genius wiggled past Barnes, past Patton and into the end zone for a touchdown that covered 30 yards. When Walston kicked, the Giants led only 21-17 and there were still 7½ minutes left.

It was then that the crusher fell. The Giants, held and forced to kick from their 24, got a first down when Sugar and Jerry Nocera, rushing together in an attempt to block Don Chandler's punt, bumped the kicker. From the 39 the Giants marched to the clinching touchdown. With 2:40 left and the score 28-17, the Eagles were dead.

A very lively corpse

Only the Eagles didn't know it. Dean returned the kickoff to the 25 and Jurgensen ran 15 when he couldn't find a receiver. Then he faded back and, for once during the long afternoon, received all the pass protection he needed. Jurgensen threw far down the left side and there, as if by a miracle, was Retzlaff, alone. While Lynch frantically tried to get back into the play, Retzlaff took the pass and raced in to score. Now it was 28-24, and there was 1:50 left.

The Eagles didn't get the ball until the clock showed 14 seconds. On the last play Jurgensen passed to Retzlaff who lateraled to McDonald who ran 29 yards before he was bounced out of bounds. The game was over. Jurgensen had completed 16 of 31 passes for 367 yards, bringing his season total to 3,320 yards and breaking Unitas' record; McDonald had caught seven passes for 237 yards. But up there on the scoreboard the Giants had won. The Eagles cried some, as even grown men sometimes will, and Skorich said that they played too well to have lost. Gauer said that the stacked deck would have worked better if only the Giant linebackers and Robustelli had remained off Jurgensen's neck and Williams said that the special pass defense contained Shofner awfully well, except for three plays.

As for the Giants, they didn't have too much to say. They were the better ball club and they knew it and were happy to have proved it on Sunday. "But those Eagles," said Sherman, "They sure do scare you, don't they?" **END**

A DEEP BOW TO A BIG DUTCHMAN

Anton Geesink, neither small nor Oriental, dispelled two time-honored myths when he became the first non-Japanese to win the world judo championship. Here is an on-scene report from Paris by a Canadian magazine editor, a black-belt judo man himself

by FRANK MORITSUGU

USING TRADITIONAL JUDO OPENING, DEFENDING CHAMPION KOJI SONE (LEFT) AND ANTON GEESINK NEAR EACH OTHER IN FINALS



Photographs by Bruce [illegible]

Judo will never be the same again. When Anton Geesink, a 6-foot 5-inch, 237-pound Dutchman from Utrecht, won the world judo championship two weeks ago in Paris from Koji Sone of Japan he unbalanced the cherished myths of the sport as much as he did the six men he beat on his irrepressible drive to the title.

Until Geesink, one unshaken judo myth was that the Japanese owned the sport. After all, it derived from jujitsu, the Japanese martial art; the first two world championships (1956, 1958) were held in Tokyo and were won by Japanese; in them no Japanese had ever lost to a non-Japanese.

The huge Dutchman's clear-cut triumph also plunged traditionalists into despair by disproving another and even more sacred myth—that in judo a good little man can cope with anyone of any size. Dr. Jigoro Kano, who formulated judo in Tokyo in 1882, was just over 5 feet. He taught the basic principle of Maximum Efficiency from Minimum Effort, which, theoretically, enables any small man to exploit a bigger opponent's size and power rather than be conquered by it. Although both previous world champions, Natsui and Sone, were in the 200-pound range, proposals to introduce weight classes have been rebuffed as sacrilegious.

continued

IN KEY MATCH, NEW CHAMPION GEESINK (LEFT) CATCHES JAPAN'S SMALL BUT SKILLFUL TAKESHI KOGA WITH INNER THIGH THROW



Yet Geesink's victory, shattering though it was, was not quite the surprise that news reports have made out. The three Japanese entrants were the men to beat, but they were question marks nevertheless. Defending world champion Sone was overage at 33, and his forte, unhappily, is power (6 feet 1, 198 pounds), not superlative technique. The 1961 All-Japan champion, Akio Kaminaga, should have been the best from his country, but he was recovering from a knee injury. Third man Takeshi Koga was the smallest (5 feet 9, 176 pounds) and possessed the most exciting technique, but he had come along to Paris as an alternate after poor showings in recent meets in Japan. These were the best of the Japanese. Even before the championships they looked less than supermen to knowledgeable *judoka*.

And then there were the Koreans, who were the rivals the Japanese feared most. They were all of a size—sturdy, compact men around 185 pounds or a bit more, looking alike even to those who can tell Orientals apart most of the time. Their names, Kim Yip Pae, Kim Tok Yong and Han No San, didn't help any to ease the confusion. Like the Japanese, they trained secretly in Paris and came into the open only for receptions, trooping in in single file wearing identical dun-colored blazers marked KOREA.

But from the start Geesink had partisans. This perennial European champion is a superathlete who has played soccer, volleyball and basketball and who has wrestled internationally for Holland. At 28, he is at his peak. In European judo he is in a class by himself. Geesink is so big that he towers over any group he is in, but in street clothes and glasses he looks like an intellectual—and indeed he speaks four languages: Dutch, German, excellent English and some Japanese. Of the last he says, "It is not very much, because when I went to Japan this year it wasn't to learn the language." As it turned out, Geesink learned more about the Japanese judo greats than they did about him.

When he stepped on the tatami-matted stage of the Pierre de Coubertin Stadium, his long torso and relatively short and powerful legs were clearly defined. This is an ideal build for a *judoka*, because the center of gravity is low—allowing rocklike balance against attacks. His first opponent, Sudjono of Indonesia, fell in nine seconds. In that fleeting time Geesink proved himself perfectly coordinated, with miraculous reflexes, a straight and proper judo stance and an ability to blend strength and technique in the best judo manner.

Geesink next threw the young French champion, Michel Bourgoin, got rid of the Yugoslavian Stojac quickly, and the stage was set for the first big encounter of the championship: Geesink vs. Kaminaga, the All-Japan champion.

Kaminaga gave Geesink his toughest battle, fighting through to the end of the six-minute bout to a decision, the only bout the Dutchman did not end before the time limit (six minutes for the earlier bouts, 10 minutes for the semifinals, 20 minutes for the finals). The Japanese threw all his near-200 pounds of power and technique at the big European but couldn't budge him. On the other hand, Geesink caught Kaminaga with a left leg sweep as the minutes ran out, and dumped him on his seat. Decision by the referee and judges: clear-cut victory for Geesink. "There's the next world champion," said a Canadian judo colleague, and Geesink himself later told reporters he knew he had it won when he beat Kaminaga.

A neat "uchimata"

Meanwhile, the other Japanese—Koga and Sone—were meeting trouble. In his third round Koga ran into the Korean, Kim Tok Yong, and thus began the best judo bout of the day. The Japanese went in fast with his dipsy-doodle left *uchimata* (inner thigh throw), which is the marvel of Japan, but suddenly he was flailing in the air as Kim picked him up and tried to drop him for a back counter-throw. Never before had young Koga been handled this way. Wriggling like a cat, he broke the Korean's grip and both men went off the mat. Each time Koga attacked, Kim grabbed a leg and attempted a counter, twice coming perilously close to success. The French audience was buzzing: would another Japanese fall by the wayside in this history-making championship? But Koga caught the Korean with a right obstruction foot sweep, time ran out, and Koga survived. After that his quarter-final meeting with George Harris, the U.S. champion, was a piece of cake. Harris, a 235-pound Negro, was no match for the Japanese, even though he outweighed him by 60 pounds.

In the semifinals Geesink showed no adverse reaction to the quick Koga techniques. The Dutchman applied his own *uchimata* and Koga was helpless, suspended in the air on the giant's right thigh. Over he went, and Geesink was in the final against Sone, the last surviving Japanese. Sone had run into a real terror in the Korean, Kim Yip Pae. The smaller, faster Kim attacked daringly, furiously, evading Sone's power. The defending champion eventually caught the Korean with a leg sweep that dropped him to his knees, and that gave Sone the decision, but there were boos.

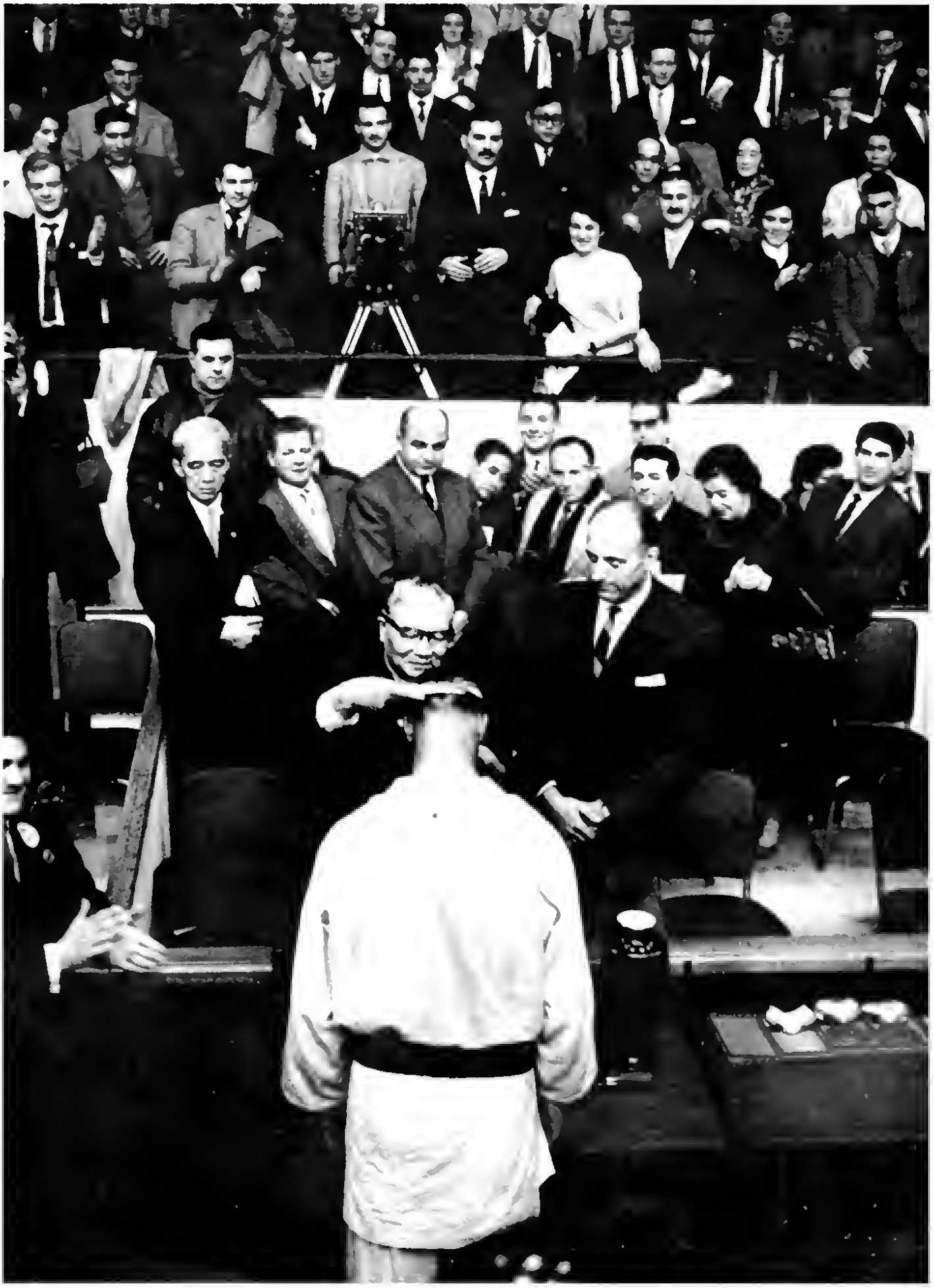
As Geesink and Sone walked toward each other in the finals, with arms outstretched in the Japanese opening fashion, the 6,000 in the stadium seemed to sense that the match was an anticlimax, that Geesink was in and that judo history had been made. The final match lasted eight minutes 12 seconds, but Geesink was clearly superior all the way. Sone attacked furiously but with no success, and then down he went to a leg sweep. Geesink pounced on him with a *munegatame* (chest hold-down). The referee indicated that it was *osaekomi* (a legitimate hold), the audience whooped and then hushed as the timekeeper watched the required 30 seconds tick away. Referee Guy Pelletier raised his hand to indicate *ippon* (victory), and the stadium broke into an uproar. Dutch supporters ran onto the stage, nearly stepping on the still-fallen Sone, to embrace Geesink and to try unsuccessfully to carry him off the mat. They overestimated themselves and couldn't lift him.

So the best judo man in the championships won, fairly and squarely and with surpassing ease. The fact that he is both a superb giant of an athlete and a non-Japanese can only serve to stimulate worldwide interest in the sport.

On the day following the championships, the International Judo Federation decided to recommend a weight-division system for the Olympic Games. Translated from kilograms, they are: 1) under 149.6 pounds; 2) 149.6 pounds to 176 pounds; 3) over 176 pounds, 4) all weights. This last is for the purists who still insist that judo has no room for such divisions.

And who will be the next world champion? Anton Geesink says: "It will be a Japanese again." He may be right, especially if *he* does not compete—but watch for those Koreans. They've just begun to make judo trouble. END

THE HUGE NEW CHAMPION is presented with medal by Risei Kano, son of Dr. Jigoro Kano, who originated the sport in 1882.







Photographs by Jerry Cooke

The Fun of a Farm Is Anywhere

Dennis Brady finds it hunting pheasant in a snowy South Dakota cornfield. Dennis is one of the six children of Bill Brady, a man who holds down a full-time job as a linotyper in Mitchell, five miles away, and at the same time runs a real, if small, farm. "I could get a helper to do the chores, but we feel we want the kids to grow up and know what work is," Brady says. He and the four boys manage corn and cattle, hogs, chickens and sheep. It's work but, as the following pages show, not all work and no play

continued









Fun outside finds Rick and Donald Brady making the most of one sled and the minimal incline of a "hill" behind the house. Below: Donald helps round up the sheep. Chores morning and evening and school in between have not prevented the boys from being on their high school football team, playing baseball and basketball, hunting and getting to church. But it takes a heap of scheduling, and it takes a heap of physical energy to keep to the schedules

continued





Fun inside ranges from board games in the farmhouse to basketball in the barn. Donald, Rick and Ann Maria (above) seem to be engaged in three-handed checkers. Later, the boys shoot baskets in the hayloft court (right). Bill Brady wants his children to "know what work is and what play is." There is no better place than a farm to learn about both









GREEN BAY: A CORNER ON DEFENSE

Their great corner linebackers, Dan Currie and Bill Forester, have made the Packers a hard team to beat. The two practice one of the least-known but most important arts in football

by ***TEX MAULE***

Professional football has become an exercise in the creation of doubt and in the old war tactic of arriving at a given point first with the most. Since the offense is always outmanned numerically by the defense, the attackers' achievement of these two objectives is obviously difficult. On any given play the defense can commit 11 men; the offense can commit only 10 effective players, since the quarterback can neither block nor catch a pass. He can run, of course, but not well.

In the center of the line the offense has little hope of creating surprise or doubt or even of obtaining substantial advantage in manpower. The only possible weak spot in the defense is to be found on the flanks, and it is this which makes the job of the defensive corner linebacker in professional football a physically and mentally demanding one. It is no accident that a championship team is invariably equipped with fine corner linebackers. They are as hard to come by as quarterbacks who can pass or halfbacks who can defend against a pass.

DRIVING THROUGH ON SUCCESSFUL BLITZ, CURRIE BATS DOWN PASS BY BEARS' WADE



A corner linebacker must have, to begin with, almost mutually exclusive talents. He must be able to stem a running attack by meeting a fullback of the size and brute power of Cleveland's Jim Brown at the line of scrimmage after he has had time to develop momentum, and either stop him cold or so impede him that help will arrive before Brown has made an appreciable gain. This, of course, takes size—something on the order of 230 to 240 pounds. For all his size, the corner linebacker must still have enough speed to accept the responsibility of covering one of the rabbit-fast halfbacks in the National Football League all the way on a pass pattern. This is something like asking a Percheron to compete in the Kentucky Derby.

The Green Bay Packers, in a sense, are doubly a championship team, for they have two corner linebackers who fit the position's demanding specifications. The club's success over the past two years has been due in no small part to Dan Currie (*see cover*) and Bill Forester, who tackle fullbacks with enthusiasm and effect, cover ends and halfbacks with some trepidation but reasonably well and, upon occasion, barrel in to commit legal mayhem upon a quarterback bent on passing.

"The toughest job is taking a halfback all the way," Currie said the other day in Palo Alto, where the Packers, the Western Conference championship already safely won, were preparing to meet

continued



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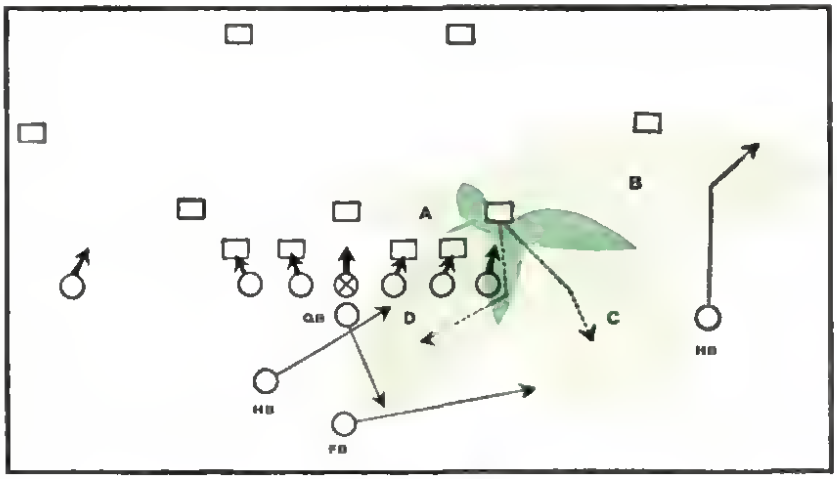
the San Francisco 49ers. "When you get that assignment—and you don't get it very often—you have to play loose. I mean you have to drop back off the line so that you've got a good head start in the foot race you'll have with the swing halfback. And even then a guy like the Rams' Jon Arnett can scare the hell out of you. I can't run as fast as Arnett. What I've got to do is stay as close to him as I can and hope the passer doesn't have time to throw."

Currie, at 26, is a tall, dark and handsome man. He and Forester, the other Packer corner linebacker, are almost precisely the same size—6 feet 3, 235 or 240 pounds. They are probably the biggest pair of corner linebackers in football and almost certainly the best. Currie was the Packers' first draft choice in 1958, after making most All-America teams as a center and linebacker at Michigan State. He had also played offensive guard for two years at State and at one time or another filled in at every position in the line. Because he had an older brother who was good, he got an early start in football, being accepted in kid games as a sort of handicap to compensate for his brother. By the time he graduated from St. Anthony High in

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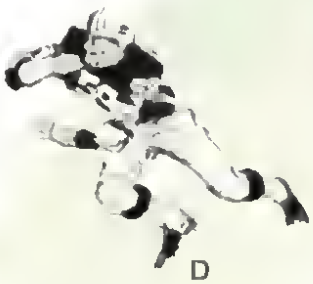
THE AREA OF CONTAINMENT

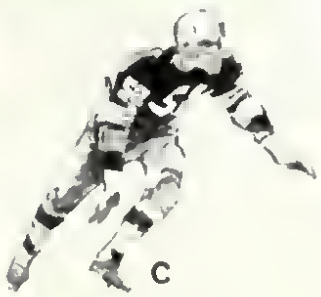
No defensive man in pro football has more ground to cover than the corner linebacker. Against runs to the inside, he closes down through territory A. On passes, he may be required to defend against hooks to the middle or sideline thrown in territory B. He may have to turn a wide run back to the middle in territory C. And on a blitz, he must penetrate through territory D to reach passer.











Covering same areas diagramed above, the Packers' Dan Currie is practically all over the field. Against inside run (A) he breaks to right to help contain play. Against pass into hooking area or to sideline (B) he backpedals furiously to cut off short throw or cover halfback all the way downfield on a pass. Against wide sweep (C) he fights to the outside, trying to force runner in, and when blitz (D) against passer is called, he takes outside route at full speed, hoping to hurry or drop quarterback.



GOOD



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HERE'S HOW



MYERS ORIGINAL JAMAICA EGGNOG. To serve 20 persons Beat 12 egg yolks until light Add ½ lb sugar Continue beating until mixture is thick and pale in color Stir in gradually 1 qt milk, 1 fifth Myers Rum Chill for 3 hours Put mixture in punch bowl fold in stiffly whipped heavy cream Refrigerate 1 hour Remove, sprinkle with grated nutmeg Short Recipe: add 8 oz Myers to quart of eggnog mix, available from your dairy



MYERS TOM AND JERRY. Beat white of 1 egg, mix in tsp fine sugar Beat yolk separately, then add Blend in 1 oz Myers Pour into mug, fill with milk near boiling point Grate nutmeg on top.



MYERS HOT BUTTERED RUM Into mug or thick glass pour 1 oz Myers Add dash Angostura, tsp sugar or maple syrup, tsp butter 3 or 4 cloves With spoon in mug, fill with boiling water Stir, let steep a moment, enjoy!



MYERS OLD FASHIONED. Place tsp sugar in old fashioned glass, moisten with Angostura Add enough water to dissolve Put in 2 ice cubes add 1½ oz Myers Garnish with cherry, slice of orange or lemon.



MYERS DARK DAIQUIRI lemon or lime juice Myers Rum, tsp sugar dash Angostura Shake with ice or use blender Serve with cherry in cocktail glass.



MYERS RICH MINCE PIE Add 3 or 4 tbsp of Myers Rum to 3 cups prepared mincemeat Prepare pastry for 2 crust 9 inch pie Fill with mincemeat, bake as usual



GRAPEFRUIT AU RHUM Sprinkle a little Myers Rum over grapefruit halves or sections to serve as first course Or place rum-laced grapefruit under broiler until lightly browned



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Detroit he had made All-Detroit and All-Michigan as a center Currie lives in Waten, Mich during the off season with his wife Mary and three children: Janie, 4, Tom, 2, and Matthew, 6 months

Off the field he dresses meticulously, a habit that has earned him the nickname of Dapper Dan Even if he were the sloppiest man on the Packers, Currie probably would have won the name anyway for the very neat way he analyzes and reacts to keys, those often mentioned but seldom understood nouns and verbs that are tossed around by some football people these days as though they were so much pied type.

Key to the future

In professional football the whole defense depends substantially on keys A key is an action taken by an offensive player that indicates almost irrevocably what type of play is coming A simple key, for instance, is the action taken by the strong-side end the end playing close to the offensive tackle on the side to which a halfback has been flanked. If the strong-side end blocks on the defensive end, his action tells the corner linebacker that the play almost certainly will be a wide run.

This key sets up an instantaneous chain reaction The corner linebacker reads sweep and lights to the outside in order to force the runner either to turn in in which case the runner turns into the heavy traffic of the defense or keep going wide until he hits the sideline and cannot maneuver The corner halfback comes up to be in position to tackle the runner should he cut back, and the safety man comes up fast from his deep position to lend assistance on the tackle

The Packers, reading this key, play it a little differently from other clubs in the league. It would be worth your while to watch the strong-side flank of the Packers defending against a run—specifically, the defensive end and the corner linebacker In a normal defense, once the running key becomes evident, the linebacker crosses the line of scrimmage, intent on stopping the play there. This sets him up perfectly for a block by the guard who leads the play The Packer corner backer, either Forester or Currie, does not cross the line, and consequently is harder to block. Each man is equally fast, although, according to Packer Defensive Coach Phil Bengtson, Forester, who is 29 years old now, probably was faster than Currie a few years ago "Now," says Bengtson, "they are just about the same speed And both of them can do everything a corner linebacker should do "

"Against a run inside, the corner linebacker becomes a defensive end and closes down the line." Bengtson said last week. "Against a sweep, he has to cover to the outside When the tight end is on his side, he has the responsibility of chugging the end [knocking him out of his intended pattern by shoving him at line of scrimmage], then dropping out into the flat to cover against a sideline pass Against some offensive patterns, he might have to drop back 10 yards into the area where the quarterback might throw a pass to a hooking end "

Student of the possible

Currie, who has learned his trade well, thinks a great deal about his responsibilities as a corner linebacker and studies opposing teams carefully. "It takes three or four years before you can play this position well," he said in Palo Alto "We get the defense and lineup, and always I go over the situation the down, the yardage, the personnel, the score, how late it is in the game. After a few years of looking at the same clubs you begin to understand the pattern of thinking of the quarterback You know that Conerly, for instance, will throw to Kyle Rote in a clutch You know that, but you have to discount it a little, too The game [two weeks ago] against the Giants was a perfect example When Conerly came in, all of us figured he would try to pick the defense apart call draws, short passes, hooks, that kind of thing Instead he threw three bombs "

The three long passes Conerly threw were so far out of his normal pattern of tactical thinking that they had the Packers deep backs scrambling desperately With just a little luck the Giants dropped two good passes they were able to prevent a score.

Forester, more conservative than Currie, makes a conscious effort not to depend on a pattern.

"I think about the situation and what the club we're playing has done in other games, but I never depend on it," he says Forester is a rather quiet, slow-speaking Texan who played college football at Southern Methodist He is in his ninth season as a pro three of them All-Pro. "I try to react to the play as it develops," he went on. "You can tell in a second if it's going to be a pass or a

continued

run, and you've got time to carry out your assignment then. When you try to anticipate you can get in trouble. Like in the championship game against the Eagles last year."

The Eagles had scored once on the Packers on a slant-out pass from deep in Packer territory. They had penetrated deep again; the down, the position on the field and the tactical situation were almost the same as on the earlier play.

"I remembered the slant-out," Forester said. "I figured they would try it again, and I watched the end for a split second and then saw the sweep coming. But by then the end had an outside position and could block me. The sweep went all the way for a touchdown because I tried to anticipate and I was wrong." The moment of hesitation that put Forester out of position is the bugaboo of a corner linebacker.

"You don't have enough margin of error to allow for hesitation," Currie says. "You have to be able to execute your assignment instantly. The unpardonable sin in pro football is to blow an assignment. You should never make a mental error, you should always know what you're going to do and do it immediately. The whole idea of the offense is to create that moment of doubt in your mind, to cause hesitation that allows a blocker to get to you or a pass receiver to get the step or so he needs to beat you."

Learning by Rote

Kyle Rote of the Giants has the deep respect of Currie. "He's a deceptive runner on pass patterns," Currie says. "He comes downfield slow and makes a slow head-and-shoulders fake to the outside and lulls you. Then he plants his right foot and makes his break, and if you aren't used to playing against him he breaks clear with that extra speed."

Rote dropped one of Conerly's passes in the game against the Packers earlier this year. This lapse could be credited to what the Packers call their howler defense. "Rote had a step on the defensive halfback," Currie said. "Then just as the ball got to him, the back hollered at Rote. He took his eye off the ball for an instant and dropped it. It doesn't work against Rote very often, but as a last resort you try anything."

In the same game Rote caught a pass because he faked Currie into hesitating. "I dropped back toward the sideline to cover," Currie said. "For just a second I thought Rote would run a turn-in—a pattern where he goes straight downfield then turns into the middle. I hesitated and he turned out, and by the time I had recovered and gone after him the ball was thrown and I missed knocking it down by a couple of feet."

Since their assignment often requires them to tackle the best ballcarriers on the opposing teams, the corner linebackers make a serious study of the running habits of the backs.

"We looked at movies of Jim Brown over and over before we played Cleveland," Currie said. "Of course, he is a great runner. He does one thing that gets him extra yardage time and again, and we saw it in the movies. He gets hit—a good tackle, arms around his legs—then he relaxes and the tackler relaxes and Brown steps out of his arms and goes on. Jim Taylor goes on after he is hit, but he does it differently. Just as a tackler comes up to hit Jim, he seems to coil up and explode. He takes the impact on his thighs. He hits so hard it seems to stun the tackler, and Jim uses the rebound from the tackle to take off in another direction. He has tremendous leg drive."

To an observer it would appear that the hardest play for a corner linebacker to cover would be the halfback option pass, the play in which a halfback takes a hand-off, swings wide to the strong side, then either throws or runs, depending upon the reaction of the defense.

"That's not too bad," Currie says. "The corner linebacker has to play it like a run. You have to come across and force the play, make the halfback throw. The guy who has a tough job on that play is the safety on that side. The tight end blocks, and the safety reads 'run' and comes up fast; then the tight end slips off the block and goes into the hole left by the safety coming up. If the halfback has time he can hit the end in the clear. It's tough for the safety to recover and get back in time to knock down that pass."

The overall Packer defense is called from the sidelines by the very knowledgeable Bengtson. But within the defensive pattern that Bengtson calls, Currie and Willie Davis (the defensive end on his side, with whom he works very carefully), devise their own small stratagems, while Forester and Bill Quinlan on the other side work out their own tricks.

"We'll switch off now and then," Currie says. "I may take the inside and Willie the outside or vice versa. We try to avoid setting up a pattern that the offense can read, just like offensive quarterbacks try to avoid developing a pattern in calling plays. If we can mess up the blocking assignments, it's a help."

On the most spectacular play a linebacker makes—the red dog or blitz—Currie and Forester nearly always rush the passer from the outside.

Strategy of the Blitz

"Usually there's not a big enough crack between the offensive end and tackle," Forester said. "I take the outside route, the end goes inside. We have to go hard because on an all-out blitz the secondary has four men to cover with four men. If the passer has time—three or four seconds—it's a sure bet that one of the four receivers will work himself into the clear. We try to break up the play by making the quarterback throw too fast or by getting to him before he can throw at all."

"You have to force a team out of what it does well," Currie says. "You have to make them do what you want them to do. For instance, when a quarterback runs and gains yardage it may look spectacular but this isn't what a quarterback does best. He's most dangerous when he is throwing the ball, and if you make him run he's forced out of his most effective function. Sure, some quarterbacks are great runners, but you don't often get beaten by a quarterback having a fine day running. You do get beat when he has a good day passing."

Vince Lombardi, the brilliant coach of the Packers, has a rather simple but unorthodox philosophy of football. Whether on offense or defense, he concentrates on whipping the opposing team where it is supposed to be strongest. This, of course, is what the Packers did to the Giants. Defensively, the Packers stopped New York's biggest threat, Del Shofner, cold. Offensively, the Packers ran on what was supposed to be an almost impregnable line.

"If you can beat their best players and start their morale crumbling, team morale crumbles," Lombardi says.

So far, no club has tried to turn Lombardi's philosophy against his team. Should one try, the chances are it would take out after Forester and Currie on defense—and that could be a terrible mistake, for this year at least there are no two more stubborn corner linebackers in football. **END**



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9

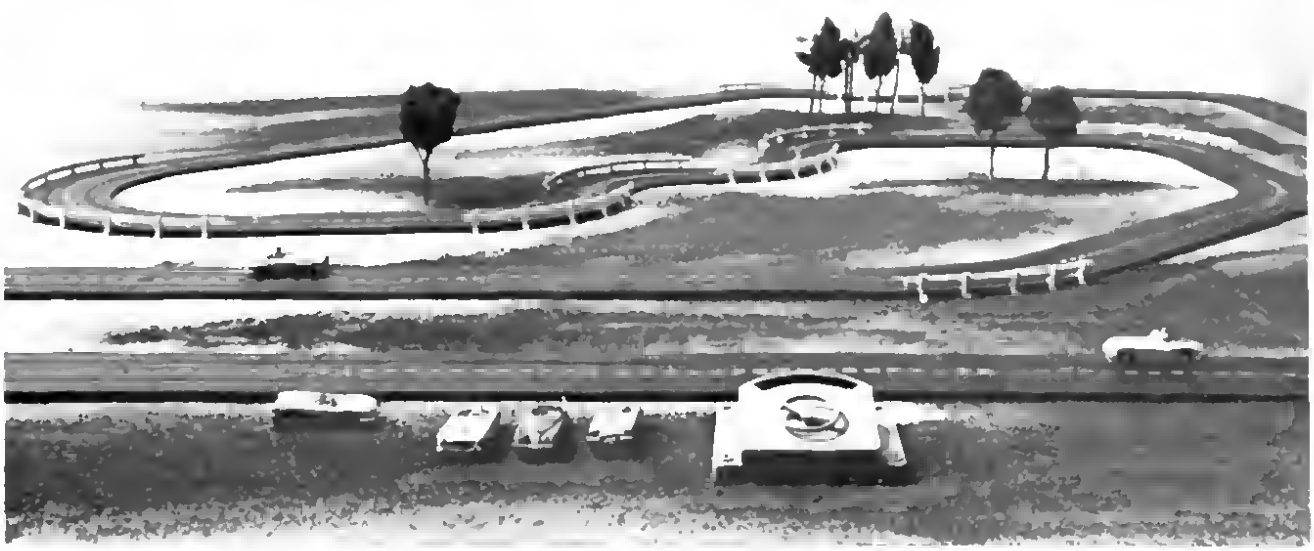


THIS YEAR YOU, TOO, CAN DRIVE IN A GRAND PRIX —AROUND YOUR CHRISTMAS TREE

The miniature cars cornering dangerously in the picture at the left and roaring down the straight on the preceding pages look and act as if they were going 130 miles an hour. They literally are going only a fraction of that, but since they are only a fraction the size of real cars and are running on a small, table-size track their "scale speed" may actually be as high as 150 mph. "Driving" them requires some of the instincts and reflexes—and luck—that a Grand Prix driver needs on a real course.

On the toy counters this gift season, for fathers and sons, there are racing car sets by 12 different manufacturers. The cars in these sets range in scale from 1/24 to 1/87 actual size. The lower-priced sets allow two cars to be operated on the course; the better ones accommodate up to six cars and permit a variety of track layouts simulating classic courses such as Sebring, Le Mans and Monza. In many of the sets, including the one pictured opposite, each car has its own motor, rear-wheel drive and individual speed control. A guide pin beneath the front wheels of each car keeps it on the slotted track but allows the rear to fishtail, so that the car drifts around corners—or spins out if the living-room operator is too heavy-handed on the controls.

The U.S. boom in very, very small cars began, typically enough, with a foreign import, the Scalextric line produced by Minimodels Ltd. of England. The basic Scalextric set has two cars and an oval track ($40), but for the truly interested there are such elaborate accessories as paddocks, control towers, grandstands, pits, Le Mans starts and driving lights. Among the accessories offered by the American companies that have jumped into the business, one of the best, by Strombecker, is a chicane obstacle, a narrow section of track where it is impossible for two cars to pass simultaneously. Some scale model sets, with cars only two inches long, such as those by Aurora (*below*), can be combined with model railroading to give the drivers the extra challenge of racing a train to the crossing. For the family that wants no part of racing there are turnpike sets, notably A. C. Gilbert's Auto-Rama ($40), complete with intersections and right and left turns, authentic enough to bring some of the pleasures and weekend horrors of highway driving right into the home. **END**



SEBRING COURSE is one of many authentic layouts possible with Aurora's track, on which two inch Thunderbirds, Corvettes, Mercedes and Jags compete under realistic conditions.

by JOHN O'REILLY

THE GREAT BURRO DERBY

Photographs by George L...



When the male citizens of the small, sunbaked town of Beatty, Nev. shaved off their beards after the recent World's Championship Wild Burro Race, the faces underneath the festive hair bore expressions of mixed dismay and determination. The dismay came from the now-evident fact that the committee had made some horrible mistakes in planning the great burro race. Regardless, the 385 residents of Beatty, who all worked hard on the race, are determined to stage the affair again next year, and every year, until Beatty is known as the burro-racing capital of the world.

Despite the mistakes, the first running of the annual burro race did bring the town some publicity. It did not focus the eyes of the world on Beatty, but the race was talked up a fair bit over in Las Vegas; it also got brief notice in newspapers as far as the West Coast and, although reception is bad in these mountains, some said they heard it on the radio.

The biggest mistake that Beatty made was in laying out a course that took the three-day race away from town instead of into or around it. Each day the dust-covered parade of wranglers, burros and spectators moved farther from the town that it was supposed to publicize. On the last day a throng of 4,000 whooped it up at the finish line, but the finish line was over in Death Valley National Monument, 46 miles from Beatty. The crowd spent money freely on beer,

continued

Off and running, men and burros streak across the desert on the final nine mile lap of the three day race



pop, sandwiches and chuck-wagon dinners in the town of Stovepipe Wells but, meanwhile, back in Beatty things were deader than the old Bullfrog Mine. Restaurants were empty, bartenders were idle, slot machines were silent and pale-faced dealers played solitaire at the blackjack tables.

"By god, we never thought of that," said a committee member in stunned retrospect.

Nor did any member of the committee dream that a squad of trained burro racers—young, strong athletes—from Apple Valley, Calif. would make off with almost all the prize money. That is what happened. Donnie Wilson, a 23-year-old stripling from Apple Valley, won a total of $875, including first prize of $750 and several day monies. Second and third places also went to the Apple Valley invaders. It was the old case of trained youth in triumph over the raucous and the picturesque.

A clean sweep such as Apple Valley made in the burro race would be enough to stop any ordinary town, but not Beatty. The town hasn't had much reason to keep living for 50 or 60 years, but somehow it refuses to die. When the diggings failed, other mining towns of the region collapsed into ghost towns. Only six miles away from Beatty are the ruins of Rhyolite, where 10,000 inhabitants carried on during the boom. Ballarat, Panamint City, Chloride and others went the same way, but not Beatty. The railroads that served the gold towns are gone, so Beatty can now make the dubious boast that it is farther from a railroad than any other town in the country.

Enter the Lions

One setback followed another, but the people of Beatty still held on. They went to ghost towns and hauled back entire buildings. Even the town hall in Beatty was filched from deserted Rhyolite. Despite all this, Beatty was beginning to look a little ghostly around the edges. Then, three years ago, the formation of the Beatty Lions Club fanned a waning community spirit into a bright flame of public endeavor. The club grew rapidly and, with 40 members, last year was the No. 1 Lions Club in its district, winning a trophy for attendance at meetings and other things of importance to Lions.

Nestled serenely between Death Valley and the Nevada Proving Grounds of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, Beatty seems to have most of the things a town needs. There are bars featuring slot machines, three gas stations, a general store and a couple of fluorspar mines out in the hills. Business and social life center around the Exchange Club, a combination coffee shop, bar and gambling casino. There is ample water in the town, if anybody decides to drink some, although the surrounding mountains are as barren as any in the Great American Desert.

But the eager Lions of Beatty were not satisfied that their town, after all these years, was merely alive. They wanted to do something big, something to prove that Beatty could do more than

continued

After 46 dusty, dry miles, with the finish line in sight, the wild burro led by competitor Benson Fogel suddenly decides it does not want to go any farther





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stand still. The great burro race was a natural choice.

During the mining days burros escaped or were turned loose by prospectors all over the Death Valley area. The sagacious critters found water holes, prospered and multiplied. A recent National Park Service census indicated 900 within Death Valley National Monument's 2,900 square miles. Dogged for some time by the problem of a burro population explosion in the monument area, the Park Service permits controlled trapping and sale of burros to youth camps and similar worthy causes.

Only a couple of miles outside of Beatty lives Tex Gates, the world's greatest burro trapper. Tex Gates is six feet three inches tall and has clear blue eyes that can spot a wild burro at a distance of five miles. His pretty wife, Margaret, five feet two and 105 pounds, comes from Rochester, Minn. where, in her single years, she lavished her affections on an Arabian horse. She rode the horse from Rochester to Tucson, Ariz., averaging 40 miles a day for 1,800 miles. Remaining in the Southwest, she met and fell in love with the tall handsome burro trapper. They were married and went burro trapping on their wedding trip. (This is another distinction claimed by Beatty—it is the only town in the world with a couple who trapped burros on their honeymoon.)

At the time the restless Lions of Beatty were looking for a way to put their town on the map, Tex and Margaret Gates had 100 wild burros pastured on the flats near town. It was the presence of such a big herd on the outskirts that sparked the idea for the great race. The Lions arranged with Tex to furnish and handle the burros. From Granville B. Liles, superintendent of the Death Valley Monument, they got permission to run the race into park property. Although it is not the habit of the Park Service to foster burro races, Liles took history into consideration and granted the request. But he had the Lions Club put up a $300 bond to insure that burros would not be running loose after the race.

The men of Beatty began growing beards, and the women rummaged in trunks for old-fashioned long dresses and bonnets. A burro race poster contest was held among the school children, and the crayon drawings, some of them darned good, were hung in the general store and pasted up behind the slot machines in the windows of the Exchange Club. Little Darlene Brown won first prize in the poster contest.

Burros were staked out in yards and on street corners where tourists could see both them and the signs proclaiming Beatty the burro capital of the world. Handbills were printed, and a man led a baby burro around the streets all day long. Norman Revert, president of the Lions Club, put all the Lions to work rounding up sponsors, drawing up racing rules and the thousand other chores attendant upon an event of this magnitude.

Race headquarters were set up in a booth at the end of the bar in the Exchange Club. Thirty-nine sponsors each paid $150 to enter a wrangler in the race. The wrangler who led his burro to victory would get the prize money; his sponsor would get the publicity. A fee of $150 was considered dirt cheap for being allowed to participate in such an affair.

The starting day of the race dawned bright and clear, as almost every day does in the desert. The whole town turned out early. Laughter echoed through the hills as the wranglers wrestled to get the pack saddles on the burros. The burro—or donkey, as it is called in the effete East—is unpredictable. The burros provided for the race by Tex Gates were all wild jacks, frisky stallions capable of almost anything from utter docility to open rebellion.

Thirty-nine burros were finally saddled, and 39 wranglers stood holding the halter ropes. A volley of pistol shots fired by the judges sent the burros and men on their way out of town. The crowd in cars, trucks and campers took after them, and the whole shebang disappeared in the direction of Daylight Pass. That, gentle reader, was the last the town of Beatty ever saw of its great burro race.



As racers near the finish, the crowd cheers. The burros did not like the noise and insisted on going the last furlong at a walk.

Sometimes the burros were willing to be led by the wranglers. Sometimes a burro would decide the pace was slow and try to lead his wrangler. At other times a burro would not move at all, and for agonizing minutes the wrangler would pull and push, pray and swear, as the others passed him by. Even before they reached the Bullfrog Hills, a burro that had gained temporary liberty streaked across the landscape pursued by a posse of judges on horseback.

Through the ruins of Rhyolite and past the famed Bullfrog Mine, the wranglers struggled on, followed by tourists who occasionally stepped from their cars to take pictures of the action.

"You get acquainted with your burro

continued

as you go along, don't you?" a lady asked a sweating wrangler.

"Yes, lady, he just kicked me as we topped that rise," concurred the wrangler.

The motorized chuck wagon equipped with a loudspeaker was on hand at Daylight Pass, elevation 4,317 feet, where the first day's run ended. Deputy Sheriff Glen Henderson of Nye County squatted on top of the truck with a microphone and kept up a running comment on the race. Glen made a real hit.

"The town of Beatty has long been known for its burros, and their descendants live there today," he would say, and the crowd would roar. One man said that Glen was so good he could have sworn he was reading from a script. Glen kept putting in plugs for Beatty, the Park Service, the Lions Club and everybody connected with the affair.

"There's no counting of the hours that has went to prepare this thing," he summed up.

When the wranglers from Apple Valley first showed up they were the objects of sly derision. They didn't look like burro wranglers. They hadn't grown beards nor did they wear boots, bighats, loud jackets or heavy clothing. They were dressed light. Instead of big hats they wore handkerchiefs or light caps to keep the perspiration out of their eyes. The Apple Valley gang wore sneakers, and one of them, Jim Gorrell, even wore a pair of skimpy breeches that resembled toreador pants. But beneath his pretty pants Gorrell sported a pair of powerful legs.

The knowing grins of Beatty supporters faded soon after the start of the race. Donnie Wilson of Apple Valley streaked out far ahead of the pack, and right behind him was Jim Gorrell. Their burros would balk now and then just like all the others, but when the animals decided to run, the boys from Apple Valley went like the wind. In contrast, local wranglers, their booted feet festooned with blisters, were often seen being dragged along by their burros. Badwater Bill, a professional oldtimer who resembled a Santa Claus in a prospector's outfit, started out bravely but ended the first day riding in the rear seat of a big sedan. Against the Apple Valley upstarts Badwater Bill never had a chance.

The second day's run was a 20-mile downhill stretch from Daylight Pass to the sand dunes in Death Valley. Going downhill proved even harder than going up. The boots of the Beatty boys slipped on the rocks while the blisters grew and their feet swelled. That was the day that Dick Stone's burro decided he wanted no more of the race. Dick was dragged, kicked and bitten. He was tromped on, butted and scratched up something awful. Other wranglers fared almost as



Bedly beaten local hero Badwater Bill, leads flapjacks to his burro.

badly. When this grueling second day was over there were only 17 of the original 39 wranglers left in the race. And, to make it worse, the invaders from Apple Valley had increased their lead still more.

The last day's run, a nine-mile stretch from the sand dunes to Stovepipe Wells Hotel, found the bulk of the wranglers in bad shape. Once again the crowd gathered and whooped as a volley of pistol shots put the race in motion. And once again there was little joy for the Beatty boosters at the finish. The winner, Donnie Wilson of Apple Valley, covered the 46-mile course in a total elapsed time of 6 hours 47 minutes and 54 seconds. Runner-up Jim Gorrell of Apple Valley made it in 7:25.28, and third-place Mike Kinney of Apple Valley was clocked in 8:09.09. Then, after a space of time that seemed like eternity, the first clot of Beatty wranglers hove in sight on the rim of the desert.

Although the race already had been won, the local wranglers struggled on for the honor of Beatty. The crowd tried to keep up a front by cheering each time a footsore, exhausted wrangler stumbled across the finish line.

"Get behind him and push." "Come on, pull," they would shout. "Twist his tail." "Good work, Dick." "Whisper in his ear." The sun was low when Tex and Margaret corralled the last of the burros.

In the days that followed the great burro race a storm swept across the western country. Skies darkened over Beatty, and a cold wind whistled through the streets of the little town. While Tex fought the wind to bring the burros back to the ranch, Beatty residents sat around the Exchange Club discussing the great venture in somber tones.

"The way our boys stuck to it when they knew they didn't have a chance to win should be an inspiration to all of us," said one.

"A project of this size is usually undertaken by a town 10 times the size of ours," said Mel Eads.

They admitted their mistakes and, above all, they agreed that next year the race will not be run to Stovepipe Wells. Instead it will be run *around* Beatty, preferably with each day's run starting and ending right in front of the Exchange Club. They vowed that if the boys from Apple Valley dare to come back for next year's race they will be in for some surprises. Training programs are already under discussion. There was even talk of forming a burro-racing association and staging intersectional meets.

"We could easily establish a new national sport," said Mel Eads. "I think burros should be brought back into the public eye."

As they talked, their voices blending with the purr of the slot machines and the whining wind, it became as plain as the ears on a burro that the spirit of the Old West, the spirit that made Tonopah, Goldfield and Rhyolite, is not dead. It survives among the 385 beaten but unbowed inhabitants of Beatty, Nevada. END



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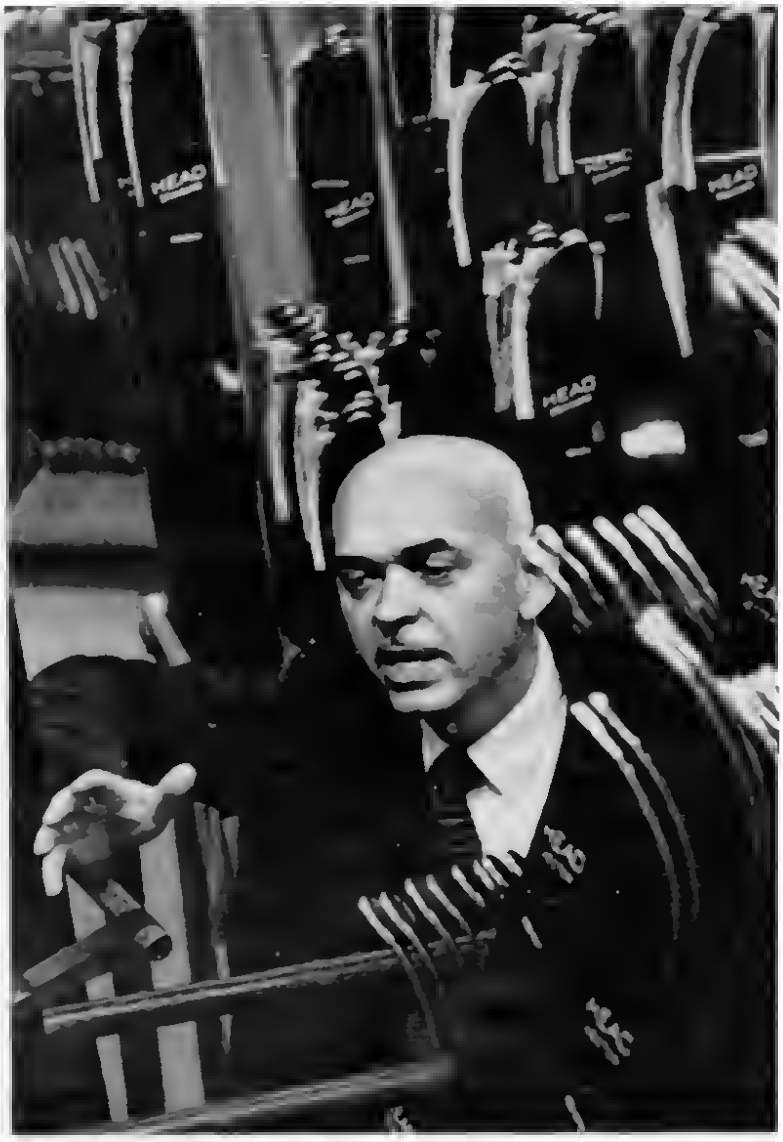
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SKIING / *John Dodge*

All the ski world loves a cheater

That's the boast of Howard Head, who used his poker winnings to finance a wildly popular new ski



HEAD POSES AMONG SKIS THAT MADE HIS NAME MOST FAMOUS IN THE SPORT

On a bright winter day at Stowe, Vt. last year, a tall, moon-faced man in his 40s joined the long line inching toward the Mt. Mansfield chair lift. He chatted as he moved along, remarking on the trail conditions and the fresh fall of powder on the summit. At length, he turned to a woman who was wearing sleek black skis with a single silver rivet on the tip.

"How do you like your Head skis?" the man asked.

"These skis have changed my life," the woman replied. "They're so easy they seem to turn themselves."

A banner endorsement, but well founded: the woman's words are echoed by recreational skiers all over the world. The lady at Stowe never learned who the man was beside her, or that he was enjoying a little game he plays wherever he skis. But from her perch on the chair lift she looked back and saw him tip the tasseled cap covering his round bald head.

He had reason for a thankful gesture. His name is Howard Head, and public acceptance of his product has made him the largest manufacturer of high-quality recreational skis in the world.

"There *is* no place in the skiing world that that rivet, the trademark of Head skis, is not found," he says with pride, backing up his boast with sales to 17 foreign countries—including Australia, New Zealand and Lebanon. Some 200,000 pairs of Heads are now in use throughout the world, and in Europe alone this year's orders have topped 20,000. Yet the Head Ski Co., Inc. is a young company—it celebrated its eighth birthday this year.

Head's lofty perch in skiing is the more extraordinary because when he got out of Harvard 25 years ago he didn't know how to ski. In fact, he disliked all sports, and aspired to a career in creative writing. His recreation at the time was chess—plus bridge, and Plato's dialogues, and the Brandenburg Concertos. As for business, the 22-year-old Head displayed two characteristics, neither of which seemed likely to produce success: 1) an inability to hold a job; 2) a strong love for the poker table.

Head was fired from his first job—as scriptwriter for Louis de Rochemont—for spending his days repairing the film-splicer machines. "Fiddling with those machines was more fun than writing," Head says now. "Too bad I didn't realize it then." A year or so later he *did* realize

it—and became boss of a rivet gang at the Martin aircraft company in Baltimore. But he got into a running crisis with his bosses, and went through a yo-yo sequence of demotions ("I just didn't fit into someone else's organization") and promotions ("I turned out to be embarrassingly good at structural design").

While he was looking for his niche in the world of commerce, Head sought diversion playing poker. He played cautiously and well, and his winnings went into a safe-deposit box tucked carefully away in his Baltimore basement apartment. He also took up skiing. In the spring of 1947 he spent a week at Stowe, where he rented skis and boots and rode the chair lift to the top of Mt. Mansfield. "There was a beer party at the summit," he recalls, "and everyone was a little lit. We took off for the bottom, and it was a marvelous feeling, like sailing in full flight. I'd had a lot of falls, but I knew then that skiing was to be my sport.

"We sat up all night on a coach coming home," he goes on. "I heard myself boasting that I could make a better ski out of aircraft materials than could be made from wood."

Doodles on the board

Back at Martin's once again, peculiar doodles began cluttering Head's drawing boards. He made some preliminary stress analyses of hickory and aluminum alloy. Then the doodles started to take shape. "It looked like I could build a ski with the strength of wood but with half the weight," Head says. "The ski was becoming an obsession."

That August, in a rented corner of an electrical appliance shop on Cathedral Street in Baltimore, Howard Head built his first ski. He drew out his safe-deposit box and counted his winnings—$6,000—which he invested in equipment. The basic structural idea for his lightweight ski was a fusion of wood, plastic and aluminum. To bond all three together he needed pressure and heat. To get pressure, Head dropped his ski mold into a huge rubber bag and pumped out all the air; natural air pressure outside the bag gave him what he needed. Then he dumped the bag, with the mold inside it, into an iron box filled with oil heated to 350°. "Ingenious, perhaps, but it was tough work," he says. Nevertheless, by Christmas he had finished six pairs of skis, each one made with two light layers of aluminum bonded to sidewalls of ⅛-inch plywood, with a center filling of honeycomb plastic.

With a box of these shiny new skis under his arm, Howard Head went off to Stowe. Head glowed as Sepp Ruschp, then manager of the Mt. Mansfield Hotel Co., ran his fingers over the glistening tops; he swelled as Bud Phillips, a ski instructor, examined the smooth, hard running surface. Then Kerr Sparks, another of Ruschp's instructors, picked up a ski and flexed it to test its camber. It broke. "They broke them all," Head recalls mournfully. "All six pairs. And each time one of them broke, something inside me snapped with it."

Head went back to the drawing board dragging his broken skis behind him. Throughout that winter and spring he refined, reinforced and changed the design in more than a dozen ways. Each time, the new product came back from the testing ground bent, buckled or simply snapped in two. Finally, when the last snow had melted that year, Head had built a ski that could not be broken.

It took two more agonizing winters to design a running surface that would not freeze and cake with snow and to incorporate steel edges for enduring bite on packed snow and ice. Then, one fine spring day in 1950, with April sun splashing on the snow of Tuckerman's Ravine, a ski instructor named Clif Taylor came flying over the lip of the headwall, did a fishtail on the fall line and swept into a long, graceful curve, swooshing to a stop before the man who had created the skis he wore. "They're great, Mr. Head. Just great!" Taylor said. Head explains, "I couldn't get up on the lip with him. I wasn't a good enough skier. But when I saw him coming at me, at that speed, I knew deep inside that I had it, though I still couldn't believe this wouldn't lead to just one more setback."

It didn't. Head had "it" indeed, but even he didn't realize at that time what a marvel he had built: skis so easy to turn they soon earned the nickname of "cheaters"; so durable they carry an unconditional year's guarantee against any kind of breakage: so all-round good they have become as common as stretch pants on skiing slopes the world over.

The primary reason for the superiority of the Head ski can be stated in one phrase: torsional rigidity. The combination of a 13-ply laminated wood filler sandwiched between rugged layers of aluminum alloy and plastic (*see diagram*) has produced a ski three times harder to twist than the average wood ski. This means that when you bend into a turn there is no antagonistic twisting along the length of the ski; Heads glide through a turn with but a fraction of the effort required of wooden models. In addition, because metal reacts faster than wood, the liveliness of Heads makes them turn up and rise to the surface in deep powder, rather than diving, as stiff skis tend to do. Finally, because Heads are packed with maximum muscles per pound of weight, they resist warp and breakage better than any ski before them, and thus demand less yearly maintenance.

Even though he had created an almost perfect recreational ski, Head still had one more mountain to climb. He discovered that the very qualities that made his skis so favorable for the weekend skier were making the experts avoid them. Heads turned too easily for the 35- to 70-mile-an-hour speeds of a downhill run; their liveliness made them flap and chatter on hard snow and on washboard contours; their bottoms were rugged—but who cared when they cost a man the 10ths of a second separating champion from also-ran? He needed a ski for the inner circle, although he still stubbornly claims "90%" of the people skiing are better off with my Standards. Most of the ones who go for harder, faster skis are just status-seekers."

THE CHEATER



Cutaway of Head Standard shows laminated fir core bonded to outer layers of plastic-coated aluminum. Tough sandwich construction prevents twisting, makes Heads much easier to turn than wood skis.

There were numerous failures. Then, one happy day in the winter of 1959, Head took a pair of skis called the Vector out to Aspen and strapped them onto the feet of a superb Austrian racer named Toni Spiss, who schussed halfway down Ajax Mountain and told Head to quit worrying. The Vectors were fast enough and stable enough for anybody.

The essential difference between the Standard and the Vector is a layer of vulcanized rubber within the plastic topping—an element that reduces liveliness, affords the ski a slight degree of twist to control high-speed turns, and allows it to "snake" over bumps without chattering—and an L-shaped steel edge replacing the flat, canted blade on the Standards. Today there are two Vectors: one with aluminum-oxide bottoms for

continued

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the fast recreational skier and the other with a bright yellow polyethylene base and sharp-edged groove for the racer.

But Head has not stopped there. He has continued to experiment and refine. For specialists he has produced a ski called the Deep Powder. Another, called the Shortski, is "for the 50-year-old doctor who wants to learn how to ski." He makes eight different models in all, each developed with the same meticulous precision and patience that went into the original. "A 10,000th of an inch in the tapering of a ski will change the model," he says. "There are 256 separate steps in the manufacture of Head skis."

Head has also learned to be as meticulous in his merchandising as he is in his engineering. Heads are the hallmark of the specialty ski shop, and their popularity, coupled with stiff fair-trade prices ($98.50 for a pair of Standards), makes them poison to discount houses. Nor is Head impressed by big-name sales. Saks Fifth Avenue, for example, waited nearly eight years before it got its franchise. More than 400 shops carry Heads today, but applications for franchises exceed 2,500.

Dollars in the till

As Head's success has grown so has the number of his imitators and competitors. Today there are more than a dozen manufacturers turning out metal and plastic skis, including world-famous Kastle, Allais and Hart. But they have a lot of catching up to do. This year 56,000 pairs of new skis will move out of the sprawling factory Head has built with his profits, in Timonium, Md., and the company's gross income will be close to $3 million. From the standpoint of prestige skiing, too, Heads are well established. Last year they took first place in four of six races in the newly formed professional racing circuit. Their best performance was at Buttermilk Mountain in Aspen when they won the first six places.

Despite his impact on skiing, Head is still not an all-out sportsman, loving chess and bridge, orderly thinking and precise, austere music. He has a massive stone fireplace in his Baltimore living room, and it seems to help keep him earthbound. With a hand upon the stones for balance, he gives the impression of a man who has taken many falls but has finally made a standing run down a long and difficult mountain. **END**

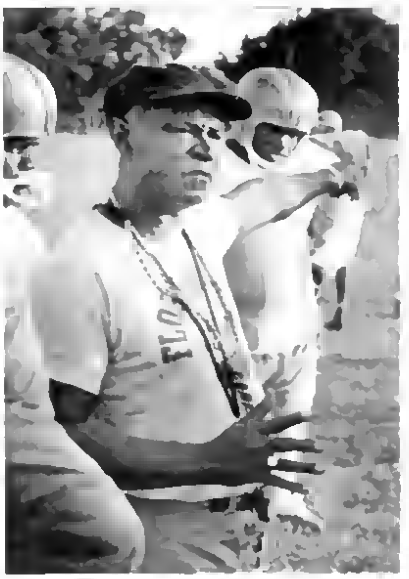
Rattlers amid the Orange Blossoms

Led by a fistful of future pros, Florida A&M won its annual bowl game, but its bite was surprisingly light

Midway in the season Coach Jake Gaither of Florida A&M University gathered his players in the dressing room to warn them that unbeaten teams, like expensive china, are always one slip away from the broom and dustpan. "Beware," he said. "There is a law of averages." From the circle of squad members, a senatorial type clattered to his feet and spoke. "No, sir," he said. "We *repealed* that law."

Apparently they had. Saturday, A&M moved into Miami for the 29th Orange Blossom Classic looking more redoubtable than ever. The Rattlers had won nine straight, averaged 54.6 points per game (as against 2.7 for the opposition) and gained unanimous acclaim as the champion Negro college team in the country. Gaither hinted broadly that this was his best team in 30 years. In his impassioned pregame talk, he told A&M that Saturday night's opponent, once-beaten Jackson (Miss.) State, "has never felt the strike of a rattler." "Hubba, huhha," answered the Rattlers and ran confidently onto Miami's Orange Bowl field before a record 48,000 people.

The game that followed wasn't anywhere near what Gaither or his players had expected. For six years Gaither had worked on perfecting his "clothesline T," with his line spread out as much as 15 feet wider than in the standard split-T. This offense, which Gaither proudly called his own, spread the defense, lent great variety to his attack and, oddly, did not jeopardize his quarterback's life. It worked so well, in fact, that each year since Gaither installed it A&M has increased its scoring average.



COACH GAITHER LEADS TEAM IN PRACTICE

But with Jackson it was different from the start. Varying 7–1, 7–2 and 6–3 defenses, sliding their linebackers and getting resourceful service from their ends, the Mississippi Tigers all but ruined the evening for A&M. It was not, however, quite disastrous. Predictably, Jackson scotched its fine effort by making big underdog mistakes—four fumbles lost, three passes intercepted—and this more than offset the edge it had in statistics (285 total yardage to 223). Quarterback Jim Tullis, a 6-foot-3 198-pound junior from Miami who has been drafted by Green Bay, recovered two of the fumbles and ran back an intercepted pass 61 yards for the first Rattler touchdown. He later passed 52 yards to set up the second, and after some desperate last-period moments, A&M won 14 to 8.

"They studied us well," said Gaither after the game. "There was no flaw in our split-line T but there were things we should have done and didn't. We have been sharper."

Gaither teams certainly have. He has won 139 games and lost 21 since coming to A&M in 1945. The administration loves him. The boys cling to his words. They run up and down his "horror hill" —a 25-foot strip on a 50° angle—do stutter steps, yoga and kangaroo and like it. He guides them spiritually (prayers before the game, at half time and after), and there is an apocryphal story told of Gaither that when asked what he looks for in a player, he replied, "I want him to be three things: *a*gile, *mo*bile and *hos*tile." Whatever he looks for, he doesn't have to look far. At last count he had 145 former players coaching in Florida schools, and one alumnus bellowed, "Any Florida boy worth a cuss better come to A&M." If he doesn't, he's liable to be run over by the Rattlers.

Only six of the 65 on Gaither's present roster are from out of state, although he has about 150 out-of-state requests a year. The team has discipline, pride and exceptional speed, and probably more balance than any other he has coached. His three units, "blood," "sweat" and "tears," were truly interchangeable, although injuries necessitated a little mixing of blood with sweat and sweat with tears. If past experience holds true, this year's players should make good pros. Four have been drafted: Tullis, who will report to the Packers in 1963, Center Curtis Miranda, 6 feet 4, 235 pounds, who will probably be made an outside linebacker by the Giants; Halfback Nat Tucker, 6 feet 2, 204 pounds, going to the Steelers; and Halfback Eugene White, 6 feet 2, 200 pounds and a 9.6 dash man, who is also bound for the Giants. Tackles Tommy Chandler (260 pounds) and Willie Clarington (235 pounds) are "negotiating."

White and Tucker were well contained by the Jackson linemen, a few of whom could make good pros themselves. Miranda played briefly. With the Rattlers ahead by 41 points in the final seconds of A&M's last game of the regular season, he fulfilled a previously controlled desire by trading places with the quarterback. He ran 18 yards on a keeper, but he injured his knee on the play. Saturday his absence must have taken some of the bite out of the Rattlers. **END**

BOXING / *Gilbert Rogin*



ON WAY TO DEFEAT, CHALLENGER BENNY PARET THROWS ARMS UP AFTER HARD RIGHT TO BODY BY CHAMPION GENE FULLMER

A week of near-fatal recovery

From Miami Beach to Philly to Toronto to London to Vegas it was a busy time for the fight mob but mostly a bust for the fans

Boxing, which has been on the critical list for some time now, has made a recovery of sorts: from December 2 through December 9 there were at least six major prizefights and one major postponement. However, if boxing must endure many more recoveries of this nature, it may perish. One of these fights, Sonny Liston's one-round knockout of a seriocomic figure named Albert Westphal, was a shameful promotion. Floyd Patterson's four-round dissection of Tom McNeeley did not do the sport any service either, although it had a measure of excitement. But so does a bout between a cat and a mouse in a phone booth. Mounting horror, it is called.

Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, has defined talent, with McNeeley in mind, as "using the ammunition you have to win. What difference does it make whether a man's clumsy or not?" Alas, not only is McNeeley woefully crude, he has no ammunition save courage and stamina, and these, historically, are the property of losers.

"If Tom has only courage," Peter Fuller, his manager, soberly remarked after the fight, "it is not enough. It is too cruel an ordeal to fight on that alone. Can he learn what he has to learn is a question. He needs to get moves, to get cuter to survive as a heavyweight boxer." Although Titian did some of his best work when he was past 90, McNeeley does not appear likely to flower late. Tragically for his ambition, he is not a *prizefighter: he is an athlete.*

The fight may well have been a sound business venture for Patterson and his associates, but it was damn poor sport. If the heavyweight title continues to be demeaned in this fashion, there may well come a time when it will be damn poor business, too. The Liston and Patterson fights were coupled as a theater-and-pay-television doubleheader in the absurd conviction that two is better than one. But, like tired, inept swimmers, they pulled each other down. One piece of cheese, two pieces of cheese—it's still a cheese sandwich.

What does promise to be rewarding, both as finance and art, is a Patterson-Liston match. This, however, seems as

long in the making and as fraught with misadventure as Elizabeth Taylor's filming of *Cleopatra*, Floyd insists he wants Liston. D'Amato, on the other hand, protests that there are "obstacles." A man with a certain flair for mystery, Cus declines to reveal what the obstacles are. They are, in fact, the lingering influence on Liston of Blinky Palermo, a fight manager and police character now out on $100,000 bail pending appeal of a 15-year sentence for extortion.

While Liston is woefully removing obstacles, Henry Cooper removed himself as an interim challenger for Patterson's title by being knocked out in the second round by Zora Folley at London. Folley was once a leading contender, and deservedly, but knockouts by Liston and Alejandro Lavorante had dropped him out of the picture. The fight was decided by three blows. In the first round Folley hit Cooper with a left hook just above the bridge of his nose, splitting it open. Following some salutary exchanges, a right lacerated Cooper's left eyebrow. After a minute of the second round another right caught Cooper on the chin. He went down like a potted swan. At the count of five he was on his haunches, looking round for advice. At eight he began to rise and at 10 he was vertical, but actually he was nowhere and the referee properly signaled that it was all over.

After the fight Cooper lay on a table in his dressing room as though on his shield. At his head stood his identical twin, Jim, looking at his brother with melancholy: a bloody reflection. With one hand over Henry's fists stood his manager, Jim Wicks. Both Wicks and Henry sucked sweets, and the soft sound was like weeping. Every now and again Henry brandished his right fist. He never had a right. "It was a good punch," he said. "I never even saw it. If I could have got up, I would have got up." Said Wicks bleakly, "If you had got up, you'd have been murdered."

The following night in Boise, Idaho George Logan won a split decision from Lavorante, giving rise to facetious speculation that Logan would be Patterson's next opponent. The reasoning: Folley beat Cooper, Lavorante beat Folley, Logan beat Lavorante. Unhappily, McNeeley defeated Logan thrice and that, thank God, scotches that. Then there's Eddie Machen. Eddie has had his ups and downs. On December 2 in Miami Beach he had an up, easily winning from Doug Jones, a previously unbeaten light heavyweight. Either Machen or Folley would, theoretically, make a worthy spring bout with Patterson. If, at times, they're lacking McNeeley's heart, they do possess moves. And that would leave Liston de-obstacled for the fall.

Another fellow distantly clamoring for a crack at Patterson is Archie Moore, who botched his first chance five years ago. Moore had hoped to make his old, gray voice heard by licking Bob Cleroux, a Canadian heavyweight of modest skills, in Montreal on December 5. Promoter Eddie Quinn called the fight off that morning. "The gate was sick," moaned Quinn. What Quinn meant was that he had underestimated the public. He had preposterously overpriced the tickets to the nontitle bout ($25 top, $5 minimum), and the advance sale had totaled less than $30,000. Archie had been guaranteed $50,000, Cleroux $15,000. This is an illness known as the shorts. Quinn pleaded with Archie to accept a smaller guarantee; Archie demurred, having lost his amateur standing some years back. The Montreal Athletic Commission diligently suspended Quinn's license, which isn't preventive medicine.

The week ended on a highly gratifying note as Gene Fullmer, the NBA middleweight champion, knocked out Benny (Kid) Paret, the welterweight champion, in Las Vegas. Although Benny weighed 156¼ pounds, the last five pounds were pancakes and syrup, and he ultimately did not have the strength to contain Fullmer. Unfortunately for Benny, his style is suited to Gene's; he chooses to stand ear to ear with his man and pump away with both hands like some elemental piece of machinery. He is willing, moreover, to absorb punches in the intervals between his flurries. This technique requires no room for maneuvering. Benny can fight as well in a shower stall as a ring; Gene can do it better.

It is about time that Fullmer got his due as a fighter. He appears clumsy. He is not. He is, rather, graceless. Gene is an adaptable, resourceful and intelligent fighter who has what Cus D'Amato calls "a calculated aggressiveness." McNeeley is aggressive, too, but his is random and unreliable and finally unimportant. That is the difference between a fighter and a McNeeley. There is, too, a great deal of strategy in a Fullmer fight. Marv Jenson, his manager, shouts up a string of numbers—"30, 30–12, 8–12"—which are meaningful to Fullmer; "8–12," for instance, might mean a left uppercut. But Gene didn't have much opportunity to fight by the numbers against Paret. "I didn't have time to think what I wanted to do," he said later. "I had to do what I had to do."

The fight was relatively even for the first five rounds while Paret still had his strength. The action took place almost solely against the ropes, with Gene chopping at Benny with his ponderous downward blows and Paret insolently rallying from time to time. Just as it began to be tedious, Fullmer took charge. Paret's flurries became feebler and more infrequent. He took an astonishing sequence of punches. In the ninth it appeared that he would cave in several times from the methodical alternation of blows to the head. It was like that curious moment when a falling tree seems to hang suspended before crashing to the forest floor. "He can't take that all day," Gene said in his dressing room, "but I thought he was going to. I let him throw for a few punches to get it out of his system."

Down went Benny

At the start of the 10th round Gene hit Benny with a good left hook on the jaw. Moments later, apparently without the impact of a violent punch, Paret skidded backwards across the ring into a neutral corner, one glove briefly touching the ground for balance. Referee Harry Krause called it a knockdown and then, bemused, gave Paret the benefit of a mandatory eight count, a rule that had been waived. Fullmer very shortly knocked Paret down again with the last of a series of terrible rights. Benny arose at six. A right hand and a left push, and he drifted slowly and softly as a snowfall into Fullmer's corner, his head almost resting on the lowest turnbuckle. He reclined there like Mme. Récamier, only there was no languor here. He was rigid and quivering as Krause counted him out.

The night before, Sugar Ray Robinson had knocked out Wilfie Greaves in the eighth round at Pittsburgh. Robinson felt that this imposing achievement entitled him to yet another go at Fullmer. But Gene, who has had his run-ins with Ray, says with casual bitterness: "The hell with Robinson. I don't owe him nothing. I'd like to fight him—in the gym. I don't want to give him the satisfaction of making any money." **END**

BASKETBALL / *Arlie W. Schardt*

A long shot comes in for the Army

West Point got the jump on the other Academies when height restrictions were eased and now matches most schools in size

RICHARDS TOWERS OVER CLASSMATES



Cadet Charles Richards, now in his second year at the U.S Military Academy, is the tallest athlete ever to represent any of the nation's service schools. He has been measured, according to regulations, "without shoes or stockings . . . to the nearest quarter of an inch." In his case, this totals 6 feet 8¼ inches.

This may not be the most significant event in the Army's history, but it is mighty important to two men at the other Academies—Navy basketball Coach Ben Carnevale and Air Force Coach Bob Spear. To them the arrival of Charles Richards means that Army is the first to capitalize on regulations that now allow the Academies to enroll young men who are over 6 feet 6 inches tall.

Until 1956, in fact, Army and Navy accepted no one over 6 feet 4. Anyone taller, it was thought, lacked the coordination necessary to pass the demanding physical education requirements. In addition, there were too many military assignments in which a tall man simply did not fit. Then a study of naval vessels and equipment convinced Navy that it could raise its maximum to 6 feet 6, and a study of Navy's move convinced Army it better do the same. Right away. The Air Force held the line at 6 feet 4 until 1959, since a taller man could not squeeze into the cockpit of a jet. Those cockpits are as snug as ever, but in 1960 the Air Force relaxed the rule requiring all graduates to become pilots. The height limit went to 6 feet 6 and, just a few weeks ago, to 6 feet 8. Actually, Army and Navy still have a 6-foot-6 limit, but they grant waivers to taller applicants who can pass the strict educational and physical requirements. No one is barred just because he can dunk a basketball on tiptoe.

At West Point, Coach George Hunter expects the best season in Army history. He hopes to make it *really* successful by beating Navy, the standard by which any Army sports season is judged (Navy has whipped the Cadets 12 times in their last 15 games). Hunter has six potentially good forwards, four of them 6 feet 5 or better, and two fine guards. One is Stu Sherard, a prolific scorer and the nation's best free-throw shooter last year, the other a tricky dribbler and driver named Al DeJardin. And Richards, of course. "We finally have a center who can handle the ball and score," says Hunter. "In the past we had to make the offense fit the players. Now we're getting players who fit the offense." Richards will make what Hunter calls "sophomore mistakes," but will not make many of them twice. An alert, mature 210-pounder, he showed no signs of tension last week before his debut against a strong Princeton team. He has narrow shoulders and long, wiry arms and should stand up well under the pounding he will take from other big men. He also has more experience than most sophomores.

"Basketball has always been my ambition," he says. "I remember in sixth grade I made the junior high team and then they wouldn't let me play because I wasn't in seventh grade. I went home and cried." He starred for three years at high school in Poland, N.Y. and two more at Manlius military prep school. Hunter watched Richards during those last two seasons. "The thing that impressed me most," Hunter recalls, "was his stamina, for a big man. In his senior year Manlius beat our plebes in a close game. Richards played 40 solid minutes, and he finished just as strong as when he started." At West Point, Richards has played soccer and skips rope every day to sharpen his reflexes and improve his speed of hand and foot. He is also an ingenious and original thinker, a definite asset on a basketball court. "The pace is very heavy at West Point," he says, "and there's hardly ever time for a date." Since there are no coeds at Army, Richards has solved the problem by careful reading of newspapers and magazines. "You see a nice-looking girl in the paper and you drop her a line, congratulating her on whatever it was that got her in the paper, and maybe asking right then for a date. Most girls are at least curious to see The Point. I dated one of the Toni twins that way."

On his date at Princeton last Saturday night, Richards was a success, though Army lost. He scored the first basket of the game and forced it into overtime with another. He had 16 points, all told. Princeton, one of the East's best teams, had trouble winning, 72-68, and won only because of the spectacular long shots of Guard Pete Campbell, who scored 28 points. The game's only sophomore starter, Richards was most impressive for his poise as the two teams seesawed within four points of each other throughout the last half. Despite shouts of "Hey, you're too tall for the Army," "Draft dodger," and other pungent observations from the Tiger stands, he coolly sank four perfect free throws along with his hook shots. Army is nobody's patsy anymore. **END**



CHARLES GOREN / Cards

False-card of a black queen

The Fall National contract bridge championships at Houston produced an assortment of storybook endings, but none was more dramatic than the result of the Women's Team championship. After taking the lead in the first of three sessions, the defending champion women's team had a bad second round and went into the finals in seventh place. Then Bee Schenken and Roberta Erde of New York City, Barbara Kachmar of Bronxville, N.Y. and Sally Johnson of Westport, Conn. rallied for 19 points in the last round to retain their title by a mere half point.

Earlier Dorothy Hayden, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y., and Helen Portugal, Los Angeles, took the Women's Pair title and with it won a trip to Cannes next spring, when they will play for the U.S. in the Women's Team event. Here the drama lay in the fact that these partners from opposite coasts had had little opportunity to play together since meeting for the first time as partners in the 1960 World Bridge Olympiad in Turin, Italy.

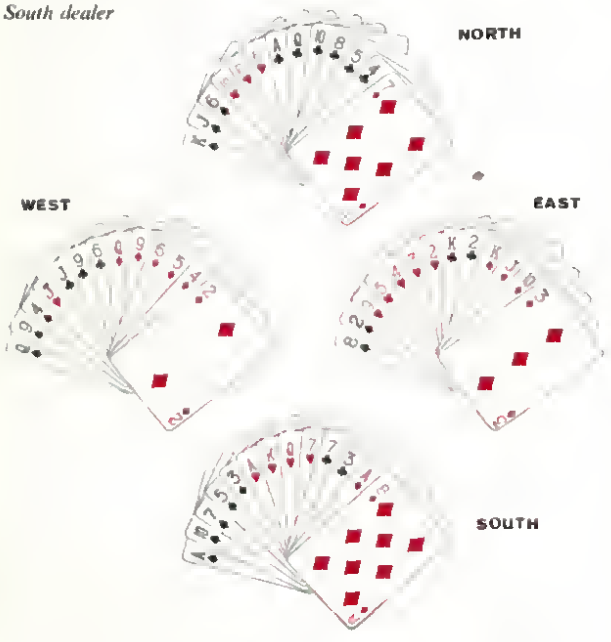
In the fiercely competitive world of top-level bridge, I found it doubly admirable that, when I asked Mrs. Portugal and Mrs. Hayden for one of their best hands, they chose one from the Team play in which the star was Mrs. Kachmar.

Looking at the combined North-South hands, the contract seemed to have a good chance if declarer could locate the queen of spades or found the king of clubs favorably placed in front of the ace-queen.

After winning the first trick with her ace of hearts, Mrs. Hayden was successful in locating the spade queen. She led a low one to dummy's jack and when this held she cashed dummy's king. West, Mrs. Kachmar, dropped the queen! This fine false-card stilled declarer's fears about a possible heart ruff. She returned to her hand with the diamond ace and ruffed a diamond. Then she led a low heart to her hand with the intention of next drawing the outstanding 9 of spades. To her dismay, however, West produced that card to ruff the heart. To her everlasting credit as a sportswoman, Dorothy Hayden didn't wait to see whether the club finesse would win or lose. Impulsively, she extended her hand in congratulation and said: "Barbara, if you win the tournament on that play you will really have deserved it."

The club finesse lost, the slam went down, Mrs. Kachmar's team won the board and, since they won the tournament by only half a point, it did mean the Team title. It is, perhaps, anticlimactic to point out that if West hadn't dropped the queen of spades, declarer would have had no choice but to establish the club suit rather than trump out her losing diamond. She would have come to her spade ace, lost a finesse of the club queen, won the diamond return, gone over to the club ace and trumped out the club jack. The heart 10 would remain as a re-entry to dummy to bring in the good clubs and the slam would have made.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Mrs. Hayden)	WEST (Mrs. Kachmar)	NORTH (Mrs. Portugal)	EAST (Miss Erde)
1♠	PASS	2♣	PASS
2♥	PASS	3♠	PASS
4♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
6♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of hearts

EXTRA TRICK

When previous play has marked your hand for a known card, it is often deceptive to drop it on the next play of the suit, even though it is not necessary for you to do so. Why let the opponents know more than they already do? END

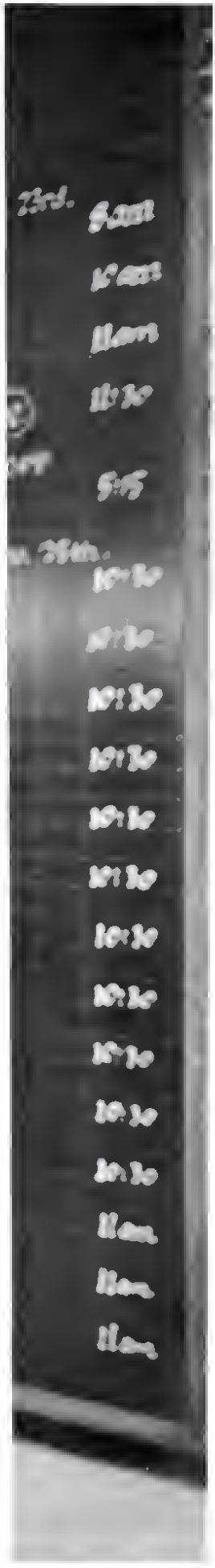
THE GREEK WHO MAKES THE ODDS

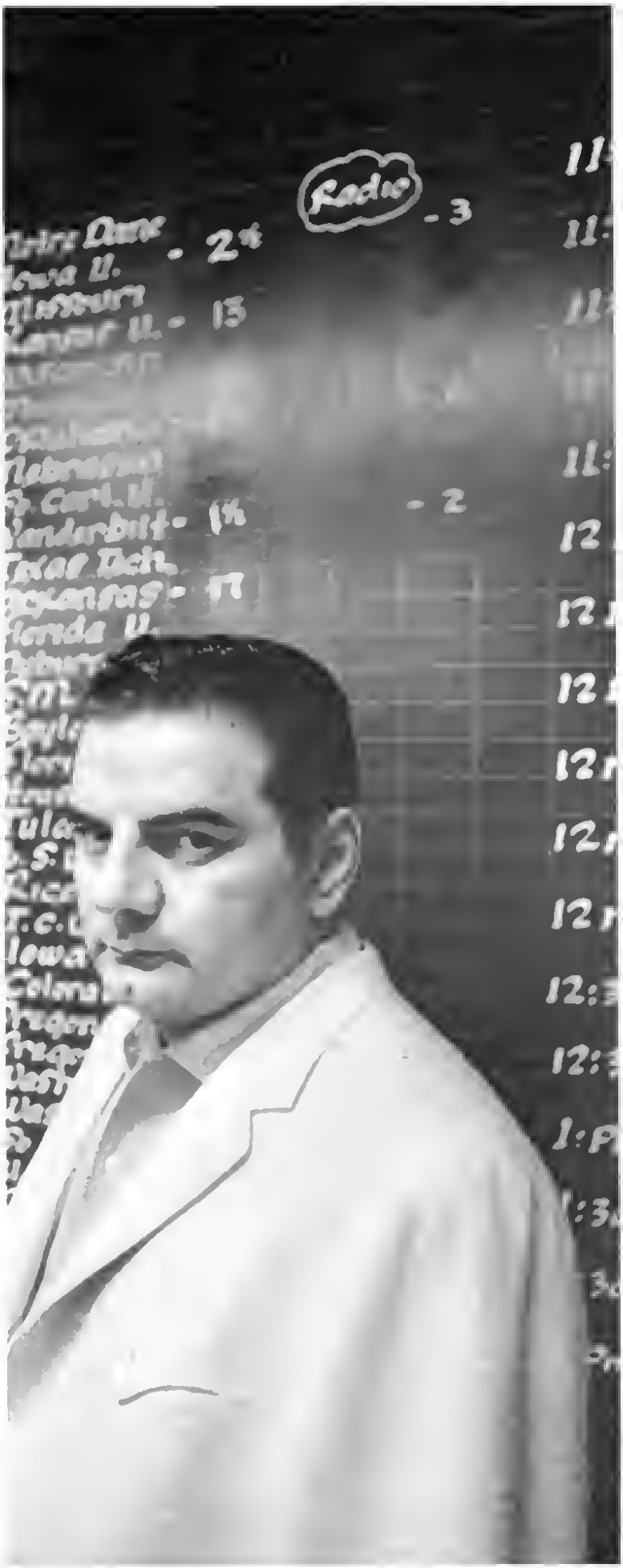
by GILBERT ROGIN

Jimmie (The Greek) Snyder (*right*), a large, shrewd and popular man who broods about his weight, is the foremost oddsmaker and, as he grandly but precisely expresses it, "speculator in sports" in Las Vegas. Oddsmaker is, in a sense, a euphemism for bookie, a familiar noun Jimmie avoids as connoting a form of illegal and disreputable low life (so is the offending blowfish marketed as sea squab).

Jimmie is distressed by the raffish crowd whose members, technologically unemployed by repeal, became bookmakers with no other professional qualification than the ability to lick a pencil point and write "5" for the 5 horse. He is fond, on the other hand, of reciting the academic attainments of his Las Vegas confreres who graduated from or attended such institutions as Rice, NYU, Creighton, Notre Dame and Yeshiva, and of reminding his listener that there are more bank presidents in jail than bookmakers.

Snyder went to college, too, but will not mention which one. "I wouldn't want the school to get mad at me," he says. Jimmie feels that the force of public opinion is unfairly marshaled against a generally blameless and difficult profession. "I'm square," he pleads. "I lead a normal life. They're always trying to put a cigar in my mouth. The only bad habit that I have, if you could call it that, is my family." His family includes his wife Joan, a graduate of a Catholic college, his son Jamie, 5, daughter Stephanie, 2½, and a daughter from a previous marriage who attends the University of Nevada. "I can't tell you the exulta-





tion I get picking up Stephanie after I've lost a bet," he says. "I'm not a crook. I'm not a thief. I'm a gambler—and a damn good one."

Betting on sports is legal in the singular and swinging city of Las Vegas, if one wagers on licensed premises, known as sports books. Until recently there were seven—three on the Strip and four downtown within earshot of a monstrous, mechanical cowboy who gratuitously bellows "Howdy, pardner" every 15 seconds. It has been facetiously remarked that the cowboy is, in fact, a government man and that he is snidely greeting the proprietors of the sports books. These gentlemen comprise a mournful and dwindling fraternity—three books closed last week—whose major lament is that each bettor must pay an intolerable 10% federal tax *when* he makes a bet. A minor, but equally plaintive, refrain is that it is now illegal to supply odds to out-of-state customers, once a profitable sideline.

It has been estimated that 95% of all wagering on sports in Las Vegas is done sub rosa, or man to man, to avoid the tax and that if the government were more tolerant and reasonable business at the sports books would be up 1,000%. As it stands, the high gamblers gather about the lowball or klaberjass tables, in Strip coffee shops or health clubs, sipping raspberry phosphates or moodily wrapped in sheets. A typical scene between two gamblers who shall be called Big Red and Baron:

Big Red. Do you gentlemen wish to wager on any sporting events?

Baron. What futures you got?

continued

Big Red: Texas, Texas A&M.
Baron: Where's it at?
Big Red: College Station.
Baron: What do you make it?
Big Red (writing covertly in his notebook): 15½ Texas.
Baron: I saw you write 17.
Big Red: That was in Italian. It don't count.
Baron: I'll take it for a dime [$1,000]. A&M I'm taking.
Big Red: You're taking it for a nickel [$500], and the price is now 14, gentlemen.
Baron: For a nickel.
Big Red: 13 is the number.
Baron: For a nickel. All right, now you can buy it back for a $5 bill [$500]. No? All right, I'll have another raspberry phosphate. I used to drink chocolate phosphates, but they're too sweet.

Jimmie Snyder is oddsmaker and manager of the Hollywood Sports Service, a downtown store that is shabbier than the average funeral parlor but tidier than the general run of pool halls. It is furnished with blackboards, counters and chairs with broad writing arms like those found in college lecture halls. Jimmie finds the current state of affairs so melancholy he refers to himself, with both pride and regret, as "the last of the oddsmakers." This despite the fact that the Hollywood Sports Service does more business than any book in town.

Snyder's business is making odds on football, baseball, basketball (commonly called baskets), hockey, boxing, selected golf tournaments—indeed, practically any sport. He, for instance, made Australia 3 to 1 over Italy in the Davis Cup for a patriotic customer of Italian descent. Horse racing is not considered a sport in Las Vegas (and elsewhere on occasion), and though every sports book shares a store with a race book for the convenience and rent, each is a distinct operation. Although racing is his favorite entertainment (he is, however, an admittedly poor horse handicapper), Jimmie takes an altogether dim view of booking races as an intellectual or emotional experience.

"There's no satisfaction," he says, "sitting behind a counter taking a horse bet. But if a guy comes in and bets on TCU you think, what does this son of a gun know? You're always matching your wits against someone else's in the sports world. Every game is a challenge, and if you win, it gives you some sort of satisfaction." He has artistic reservations about casino gambling, too. "You don't exercise any opinion or thought," he said the other day in the lounge of a Strip hotel. "In sports no one can take a paper and pencil and *prove* Notre Dame is 6 over Pitt. Most people over there [in the casinos] are chronic gamblers. They don't know how to win. They just play. Where do they match their wits? It's only a game of luck."

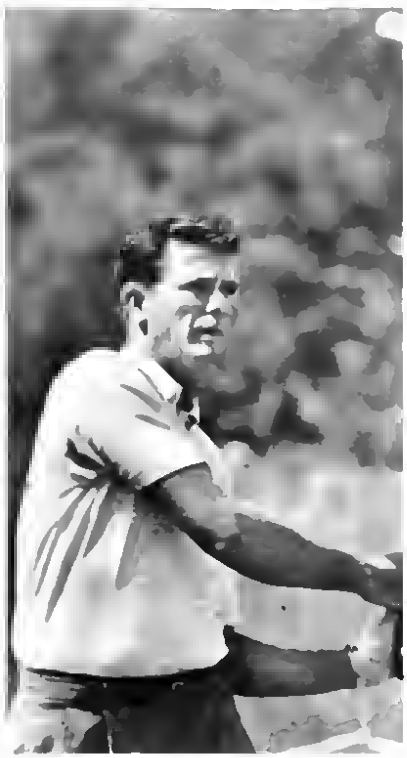
At one time Jimmie handicapped politics as well as sports, but he has recently discovered that betting on elections is illegal, much to his dismay, for he was quite proud of his figures. "I had California and Ohio for Nixon," he says, speaking of the 1960 presidential election, "but Illinois was the killer." For his own amusement, he makes Nixon at present 250,000 votes over Pat Brown in the California gubernatorial race.

He will, indeed, make odds on almost any eventuality. "There is a price for everything," Snyder once said. "Caryl Chessman," he has noted, "was a favorite to go. He was 4, 4½ to 1. Finch and Tregoff were 8 to 5. But don't get me wrong I wouldn't bet on a man to die." Last year Jimmie worked up a whimsical parlay for a friend: Castro to go before the first of the year, Kennedy to get the nomination and Charlie Dressen to go as manager of Milwaukee.

Long-range forecasting is Jimmie's forte. The only kind of bet he will make on events more than a week and a half off, however, is a force bet, and the money must be put up. If for some reason the event isn't held, the money is returned. A force bet is one in which the oddsmaker decides the price and the bettor chooses to wager on one side or the other but cannot decline to bet.

Some of Jimmie's futures are: Liston 3 to 1 over Patterson, Maris 35 to 1 not to hit 61 home runs, Mantle 25 to 1 not to hit 61 and Cincinnati 8 to 1 in the National League pennant race. "They won't even finish fourth," he says. "Los Angeles will win, with St. Louis as its opposition. In the American League it's New York and then Cleveland, and I'm looking for someone to beat Ridan in the Derby. It may be Donut King." Although he has made no odds yet for Las Vegas' Tournament of Champions, he predicts Arnold Palmer will not finish in the first seven. "He can't play this turf, and he's bad on fast greens," Jimmie says. "I don't think he can putt these greens." He also believes that Doug Sanders, Billy Casper, Jay Hebert and Gene Littler will be the first four and in that order.

"The oddsmaker," said Jimmie the Greek, scowling at the regulars in the Hollywood Sports Service the other day,



Doug Sanders, says Jimmie the Greek, will win the 1962 Tournament of Champions.

"is the most vulnerable guy in the world. He sits there like a pigeon. If the bettor thinks he's got you beat, he shoots you. If he doesn't, he doesn't shoot. Is there anything more hazardous? Like that Boston guy said: 'Don't shoot until you see the whites of the Greek's eyes.'

"Keep chopping away at the Greek," he said, vaguely addressing the gamblers sitting somnolently in front of him. "Choppa, chippa, choppa. Pretty soon I won't have any legs. These guys will kill their mothers for a half a point. I

got to do something to create some business. How can I move you guys?"

He went to a large blackboard listing the odds on 45 college football games to be played that Saturday, erased several numbers and replaced them with new ones. "I'm lenient," Jimmie explained wearily, as another person might confide that he's sensitive. "I'm the most lenient guy in town. Look at them. You know what they're saying? 'The Greek's throwing money away again.' You don't want them to think you're good. That's the whole secret."

Football, like basketball, is generally handicapped on the basis of points, not odds. For example, if you choose to bet on Minnesota over Purdue, Minnesota must win by more than the point spread —say, in this instance, six points—for you to collect. If Minnesota wins by exactly six points, the game is considered a standoff and the bettor gets his original investment back. Oddsmakers try to avoid numbers like 7 or 14 ("They're killer numbers," says Jimmie) because they produce ties, or a lot of overhead expense for nothing. Bad numbers in the pros are 3, 4, 10 and 11 because of the prevalence of field goals. The introduction of the half point in recent years prevents ties, of course.

In the oddsmaker's estimation, making Minnesota a six-point favorite will attract equal amounts of action on both teams and insure him a profit, the price being a reflection of the popular, but often erroneous, opinion of the comparative worth of the two teams. The oddsmaker, like the television producer, gives the people what they want, not necessarily what's good for them.

The oddsmaker makes a profit because the bettor must wager $11 for every $10 he expects to win. The extra dollar is called the "vigorish" and is the oddsmaker's operating margin. If he is able to adjust his point spread so that $1,100, say, is bet on both Purdue and Minnesota for a total of $2,200, he will have to return only $2,100 no matter what the outcome.

If, however, too much Purdue money shows, the oddsmaker must shorten the spread to try to attract more Minnesota money and maintain his golden mean. If he is compelled to drop the price by as much as 1½ or two points, he is in

continued



49 PROOF

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danger of getting "numbered," or "middled." No longer is he merely a pigeon. He is a stag bayed by wolves, a swimmer in a sea of sharks. If Minnesota has fallen to four and wins by five, all bets on Purdue as a six-point underdog win and all bets on Minnesota as a four-point favorite also win and, as Jimmie bleats, "they carry me out, baby. They carry me out."

Baseball (and fights, a minor speculation) are bet on an odds basis, and the games are handicapped in this fashion:

YANKEES 9-11 OVER GIANTS

In this equation, the team on the left (Yankees) is always the favorite. The team on the right (Giants) is the underdog.

All baseball bets are based on a unit of $5.

If you want to bet on the favored Yankees, you put up $11 to win $5.

If you want to bet on the underdog Giants, you put up $5 to win $9.

In other words, while the favored team is the one on the left, the amount of money you must bet on the favorite is on the right.

Some more examples:

RED SOX 5½–6½ OVER TIGERS
ORIOLES EVEN 6 OVER INDIANS
DODGERS-PHILS, PICK 'EM

In the Red Sox-Tiger game, if you bet on the Sox you put up $6.50 to win $5, while $5 on the Tigers will earn $5.50. Even six means if you bet on the Orioles you lay $6 to win $5; if you bet on the Indians you bet $5 to win $5. "Pick 'em" means you lay 11 to 10 and pick either team, as in football. Occasionally you will find a price expressed 2-12. This actually is the same as 10–12.

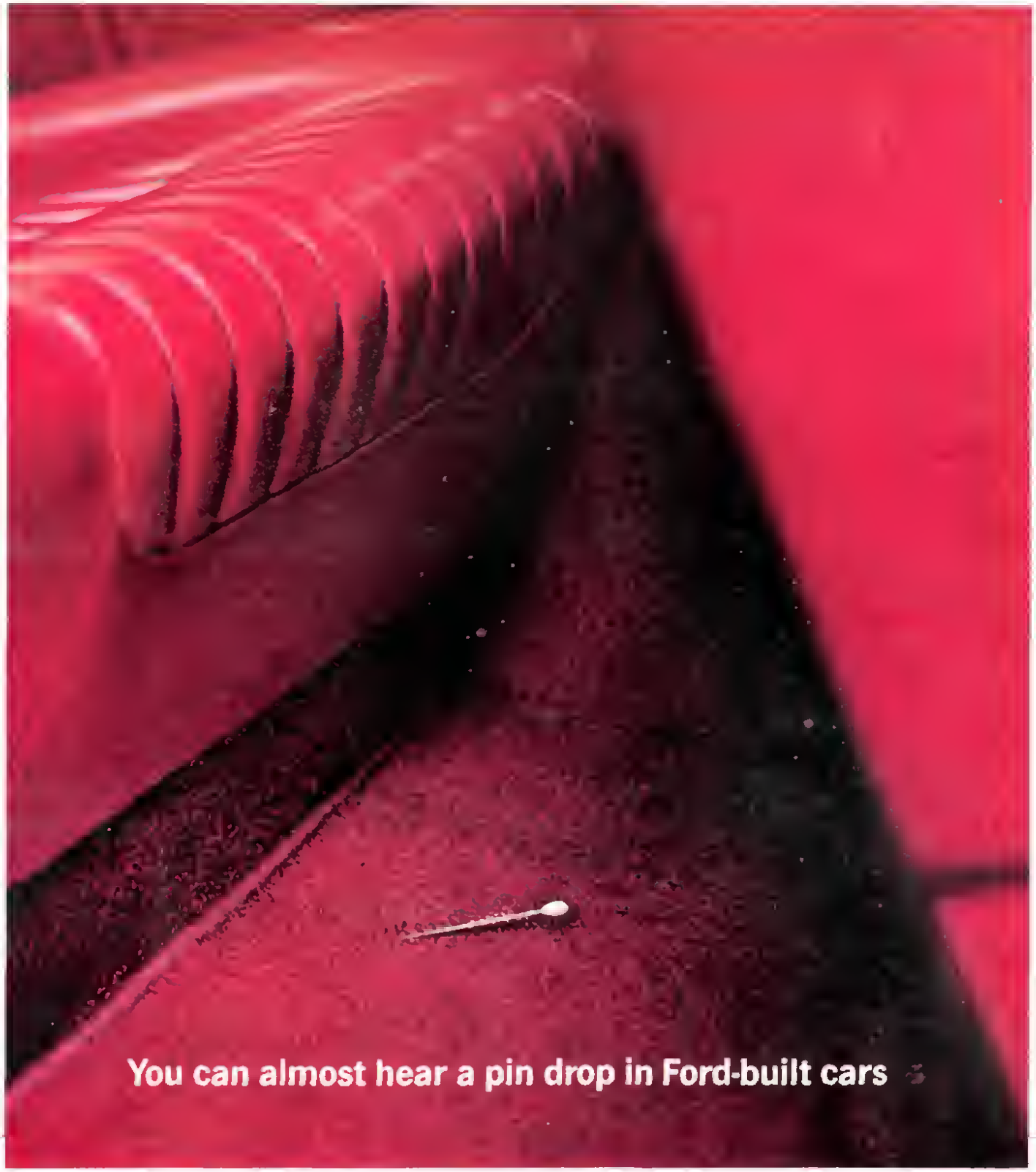
In this form of betting the vigorish is built in; almost always the oddsmaker makes money when the underdog wins, which occurs about one-third of the time. Say Milwaukee is 7 to 8 over the Cubs. A bettor named Ray wagers $8 to win $5 on Milwaukee. A bettor named Joe wagers $5 to win $7 on the Cubs. If Milwaukee, the favorite, wins, the oddsmaker takes Joe's $5 and gives it to Ray, winding up with nothing for himself. If the Cubs win, however, he takes Ray's $8, gives $7 of it to Joe and makes a profit of $1.

Today the high gambler and the oddsmaker are hard-pressed in their quest for the inside information that once enhanced their chances of making a killing or putting up alluring figures. Once, however, an industrious and ingenious gambler was privy to a lot of useful information. During the 1940s Jimmie was a high and resourceful gambler. His specialty was football, particularly one southern conference. "Marry one conference and divorce yourself from all others," Jimmie advises. "After two or three years of study you'll see the spots." He openly attended coaches' clinics and meetings where, because he is a generous, genial and intelligent companion, he made many close, valuable friends, among them the late coach and classicist, Herman Hickman. Hickman called Jimmie Diogenes, for he was a seeker after the truth. Snyder had such an excellent command of the game he once helped a coach write a book about football. He never presumed on his relations with the coaches, but it was hard to avoid overhearing tips that would guide him in his bets.

At a clinic in the late' 40s he heard a new coach, formerly an assistant coach with a professional team, boast: "I'll show these coaches down here how to play the T." This remark deeply riled the other coaches in the conference. "Wait till we get him at home," they glowered. Jimmie, sensing he was on to a good thing, was impatient. He suggested that they get hold of the professional team's game films, for the coach was certain to use his old team's plays and defenses. The coach lost eight straight games. He lasted a year and a half, a profitable period for Jimmie.

Another time, a basketball trainer tipped Jimmie that the captain and high scorer of his team had been jilted by his girl. Jimmie bet against the team, a big favorite. The lovesick captain played miserably, the team lost and Jimmie made a big score. Unfortunately, the bookies took the team off the board for the rest of the season, figuring the kid was a dumper. "Bookies are scared of unnatural money," says Jimmie. In 1950, a fateful year in Jimmie's life, he bet on Kentucky against Santa Clara in the Orange Bowl. "It's the men against the

continued



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boys," he chortled. Santa Clara won, and Snyder lost a small fortune. He switched to the stock market. Sometimes late at night you can still hear Jimmie Snyder mutter forlornly, "It was the men against the boys."

Nowadays Jimmie relies chiefly on newspapers for information; he subscribes to 27. "There's a lot of handicappers that know how to read newspapers," he says. "They're called good readers." Other sources of information are magazines, wire-service clips and college brochures. He is particularly zealous of his pro football figures, which he considers the best in the business. They show, for example, that even when the San Francisco 49ers were walloping everyone with their shotgun offense early this season, Jimmie correctly regarded them as an inferior team.

The point spread does not necessarily represent the difference between two competing teams. The home team gets a bonus, and such factors as injuries and weather also go into composing proper spreads. Jimmie adds two to five points for the home field in pro football. He figures it's worth about three points in college ball, but LSU and Texas A&M are valued at six because of unusually noisy and emotional crowds. He is also constantly alert to injuries. "Any late injury flashes?" he asks. "Any broken legs today, fellas?"

According to Jimmie, "You can't really handicap the score but how they played the game." He uses as an example a team that is trailing 14-13 with two minutes to play. They throw a pass that is intercepted for a touchdown, and the score is now 21-13. They pass again, are intercepted, and the final score is 28-13 in what actually was an even game.

"If you could only tell the mental attitude of a team," he says. "That's the whole thing. That's 20%, or 25%. If you could only tell when a team is higher than a Georgia pine. It's impossible for a coach to keep his team up for nine games. That's why you have upsets. The hardest game of all to handicap is a team playing out of its conference, especially the Big Ten. Also, a coach may be subconsciously scared of a certain opponent.

continued





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and that fear is instilled in his kids, or the coach may be pointing for a certain game and not realize it. By the time he and his kids get there—bingo! they're a 20-point underdog.

"If you follow the coach's opinion," he says, "he'll break you. He's too close to it. The coach is only good in August, when he looks at his schedule realistically. After that the outside has much more information than the inside. The first two weeks are the hardest—evaluating the personnel that has graduated, what's taking its place. That's where the whole secret is."

Jimmie makes his football prices off the defense. "If you can't score," he enjoys saying, "you can't win. Ninety-five percent of the oddsmakers in the world make it off offense but, outside of a T quarterback, injuries on defense mean the most." But, as he says, "all numbers to me are automatics. They just come natural." What he means is that, in the end, oddsmaking is largely intuitive.

In pro baskets he makes his spread on the percentage of shots, adds a point or two on the team the public's going to bet on, and then, he says, "they fool you and bet on the other team." The starting pitcher is a 65% to 70% ingredient in composing baseball odds. "In baseball," Snyder advises, "wait until a team has won or lost four in a row, then bet on it to continue to win or lose. Last year you would have broken every bookmaker in the country." He regards fights as the most difficult speculation because it is hard to determine a fighter's condition. Hockey is the simplest on account of the constant and overwhelming advantage of the home ice.

Golf, he says, is the biggest gambling sport in America—on a man-to-man basis, that is. Jimmie, who is the only golf oddsmaker extant, posts odds on three tournaments—The Masters, the Open and the Tournament of Champions at the Desert Inn course in Las Vegas. The last draws his biggest single play every year. "In golf," he says, "the turf they play on is the big thing. Certain players play better on sandy, hard western courses, others on softer, mushier eastern courses. They say 'horses for courses.' With golfers it's the same way. The length of a course is important, too. Some golfers are better with their irons than others.

"You got to find out who's hot, who's hungry. But then there are individuals who play good all the time, like Sanders and Casper. For my money, I'd bet on a kid like Sanders for every tournament."

Jimmie is convinced a man can bet sports successfully if he follows certain general precepts:

- No matter what bet you make there's got to be a reason.
- Don't steam. Don't be hungry. Don't lose your head. It's the best part of your body.
- Don't be a sucker. The only difference between a gambler and the average guy is the way they play their money. A gambler, if he bets $200 and loses, he cuts to $100. He loses again, he cuts to $50. The average guy loses $200 he tries to get even with $400, and so forth.

The Greek was born Dimitrios George Synodinon 42 years ago in Steubenville, Ohio. "I grew up in a town where everything was wide open," he says. "You had to bet to survive. I was 25 before I found out gambling was illegal." Steubenville has shut down now, but many of the dealers and pit bosses working Vegas are Steubenville boys. They are in great demand in Nevada, like shepherds from the Basque country.

Jimmie is reluctant to talk about the past. "What's the use?" he says. "It's the past." But a few revelatory facts emerge. "I was the best 9-year-old violin player in Steubenville," he said once. He has also told how he used to build bicycles, always painted white because it was the only color he had, and rent them out to kids in the neighborhood, the rent going toward the purchase price. And he once mentioned playing soccer in Greece.

At 14, Jimmie forged his father's name to his school-savings certificate and bet it all on Cavalcade to win the Kentucky Derby. Cavalcade did. "A well-publicized horse," says Jimmie with a shrug. He recalls that his first good bet was taking Great Lakes Training Center over Notre Dame at 8 to 1 in 1943. Great Lakes won 19–14. In the late '30s and early '40s Jimmie waxed fat, splurging on football, Joe Louis and Franklin

Roosevelt. "Every situation with Roosevelt or Louis was a tap-out," he has said.

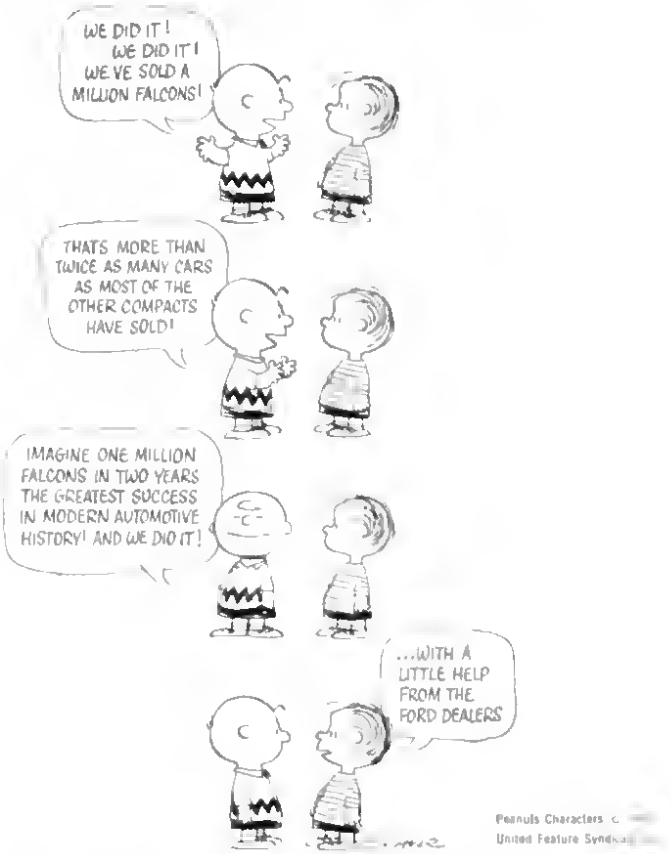
After the Kentucky-Santa Clara disaster, Jimmie moved to Florida. "I wanted to divorce myself from gambling," he says. "I wanted to live a different life." Jimmie thrived in the stock market but, he modestly explains, it was a bull market. At one time or another he has owned a small racetrack and has had an interest in four or five others. He also has owned a couple of theaters and a stable consisting of a dozen horses.

One day in Florida he had a horse running which had been shipped from New York. The horse had raced poorly there, but Jimmie discovered that his public trainer had been holding him back and that he would no doubt go off a terrific long shot. The day the horse was to run Jimmie was called for jury duty. He was frantic, because he had to be at the track that afternoon to put his money down at the last possible moment. He asked the judge if he could be excused for "personal reasons." The judge inquired what they were, and Jimmie said he would like to explain them privately. They went into the judge's chambers, and Jimmie told him his story. The judge said Jimmie would be excused on one condition—that he bet on the horse for him, too, and he gave Jimmie $60. The horse paid $77 to win.

At one period of his life Jimmie went into the oil business. He drilled 22 straight dry holes before he gave up. "I matched my wits with Mother Earth," he says, "and she got the decision. My handicapping wasn't too good." A more profitable venture was winning $48,000 in chemin de fer at Enghien, a casino outside Paris. It was the first time he had played the game. He also had an interest in a freighter that took Jews to Israel a la *Exodus*. And through meeting an Arabian prince who admired his suit (Jimmie later gave him a stunning white number—"a perfect fit," he says) at Maxim's, the Paris restaurant, he got involved in another oil proposition. This took him to Saudi Arabia and would have made him a millionaire if he hadn't innocently included a Jew on his board of directors. The deal fell through.

Jimmie is often mistaken for a Jew or an Italian. Once, when he was staying at a restricted hotel in Miami, the man-

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ager told him that a lady had complained he was Jewish. Her reason: he had bet a horse $200 across the board. Jimmie protested that members of many ethnic groups bet horses $200 across the board. The manager explained that he had told the lady the very same thing. She had replied: "But Mr. Snyder won."

On Saturdays during the football season the gamblers—the affluent and the busted valises alike—gather in the smoky interior of the Hollywood Sports Service to watch the televised game on two sets, listen to another on radio, get the results, which come in fitfully over an often faulty Western Union ticker and hawl for free hamburgers. Snyder soothes the malcontents, pleads for last-minute "starkers," or sure bets, and finer language, dissuades customers from betting more than they can afford —really—and tries, vainly it seems, to lead them in cheers and song.

On the Saturday that the Army-Oklahoma game was televised, Jimmie exhorted the fretful crowd: "All right, those for Army—three cheers!" The bettors looked at him like he was some kind of a nut. "Just one cheer for Army, fellas." They remained belligerently silent, apparently Oklahoma bettors to a man. The score of the Michigan State-Northwestern game came in over the ticker. Northwestern was leading 7-0. "Bless their cotton-picking hearts," shouted Jimmie gleefully. "The upset of the week! Hot diggity dog! Gol-ly durn!"

Another score came in, and he was abruptly plunged into gloom. He went behind a partition to his narrow office. The phone rang, and he answered it in a low, ominous voice. Above his head a betting slip was pinned to the wall. It had been stamped by a time clock: "Oct. 8, '60, 4:07 p.m." Jimmie explained that it chronicled the last argument he had with his wife.

"This is a cancer job, I'll tell you," he said moodily. "I'm the last of the oddsmakers, and I'm on my way out, too. I think I might go into public relations. You know, the other day my wife overheard my son Jamie arguing with one of his friends. 'I'll bet you . . .,' he said. He's 5 years old!" **END**

YESTERDAY



Fletcher Pratt, a historian and naval expert, invented a complex pastime that used ballroom floors and up to 120 players

by PAUL MANDEL

The World's Most Complicated Game

Comedian Bob Newhart has a bit in which he plays a game manufacturer. He turns down an inventor on various and businesslike grounds—among them, the inventor's game is too complicated and it can't be played by couples. The game that Newhart's man so eloquently spurns is baseball, but the manufacturer's reasoning would equally have assassinated what may have been the most complicated game ever invented. It was Fletcher Pratt's Naval War Game, which flourished in the U.S. from 1929 until the end of World War II. It violated all the rules, too, but people played it all over the country, and though it never caught on like baseball, a lot of us still miss it.

Pratt was a writer and a naval expert (before he died in 1956 he had written some 60 books about naval and military affairs), and one day, in 1929, "bored with seven-card stud, backgammon and craps," he and a group of maritime-minded friends decided to invent a naval game. They bought a division or two of model ships, pushed back the furniture in Pratt's living room and set to gaming. By the time they were done, they had come up with the rules for a mammoth contest that required up to 60 people on a side, a large ballroom to play in and vast fleets of accurately scaled ships, and the Naval War College started sending down experts to take lessons.

Pratt's most limited of limited wars was essentially simple. There were fleets of model ships, each commanded by an admiral. Each ship in each fleet had a captain. The captains maneuvered around the floor under the direction of the admiral, steaming at scale speeds—a 30-knot ship could move so many inches a turn, a 20-knot ship two-thirds that distance and so on. All the ships would move at the same time. Pratt blew a whistle, everybody moved and then another whistle announced that it was time to stop moving and start shooting.

Shooting was the key to the operation, and it gave Pratt and his assistant inventors the most trouble. They tried all sorts of methods: aiming flashlights, firing toy cannon at each other, even retiring to another room and whanging away with air pistols at battleship pictures pasted on the wall. Finally they contrived a paper arrow with a metal-headed push-pin at each end. When you were a ship captain and it was time to shoot, you sprawled on the floor, lined up the pins on an enemy ship, tried to guess how many inches away the enemy ship was and wrote that estimated range on a handy piece of paper. After everybody had finished moving, Pratt—who was too good at the game and usually headed a board of referees—would go around with a big tape measure measuring out the shots and putting a golf tee upside-

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Most Complicated Game *continued*

down on the floor to simulate shell splashes for nusses. A satisfactory-looking cardboard painted with roiling, black, oily clouds showed a hit. There was a vast formula for calculating the fighting power of each ship: $(Gc^2 \times GN + Gc'^2 \times Gn' + 10TT + 10A^2 + 10A'^2 + 10A'' + 25Ap + M) Sf; + T$, and elaborate tables for telling each captain what had happened to his ship when the turn's shooting was over. There were other devices for torpedoing, laying smoke screens and shooting down airplanes, but most of the erudite calculations were made by Pratt and his referees; it really took just a good eye for distance and an old pair of pants to qualify one for a floor command in Pratt's game. As a result, Pratt's battles attracted a clientele ranging from professional naval officers to pretty girls. Some of the girls were extremely combative, and the first night I played the game I found myself being salvoed at short range by a redhead in slacks commanding a Chinese torpedo boat. "I'll get you yet, wise guy," she said, unsmiling, as she chased me behind a battleship. The naval officers, on the other hand, tended to enmesh themselves in the intricacies of their profession, and were always getting in trouble. My fondest memory of my Saturday-night service with Pratt came with the command of my own torpedo boat. A regular-Navy commander, fresh from Pacific destroyers, steered smartly down the floor with his model destroyers. He executed a snappy starboard turn and ran smack into 12 of my torpedoes. He looked on, slack-jawed, as they came and took away his ships, and then he got up and walked out of the ballroom.

By the time it got refined, Pratt's game was so like real naval battles that its players liked to try out actual fleet actions from history to make sure the right side had won. It almost always turned out that the right side had. Sometimes, however, Pratt would experiment with battles before they happened, and in one celebrated case he pitted the German pocket battleship *Graf Spee* against three small British cruisers. The British won, and everybody decided there had been some mistake and forgot about it. Then the same thing happened in the real fight, and Pratt's players reacted with awe when they realized that they had been right and the experts wrong.

During the war the game caught on all over the country. NROTC units played it in armories (one, in Buffalo, had spectators, refreshments, a band and a big scoreboard to show who was getting sunk); splinter groups played it in living rooms and on ping-pong tables; three days after Iwo Jima fell, some Marines started a game in a Quonset hut; and after Japan surrendered, some occupation people staged a battle on the floor of the Diet. Pratt published a magazine about the game, and the New York group met regularly in Caravan Hall, a big ballroom on East 59th Street. Everybody put 25¢ into a kitty to defray ballroom rent and beer, and the games often slugged long into the night. With great fleets fighting monthly, supplying sufficient ship models was always a prob-



PLAYERS LINE UP SHIPS DURING A

lem. Pratt used to have model-building parties in which whittlers carved out whole classes of tiny warships in a night. Another problem was the vulnerability of balsa-wood battleships to the human foot, and many branch war games required players to take off their shoes.

The game flourished through 1946, then—partly because of rising ballroom rents, partly because Pratt had so many books going and mostly because Pratt's players had had a bellyful of real-sized war—it succumbed. There are still a few groups playing today, chiefly in England, but nothing survives on the scale of those big, post-midnight clashes of mighty fleets in a big ballroom—great battles in which men were men and light cruisers 7 inches long. **END**



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Basketball's Week

by MAURY ALLEN

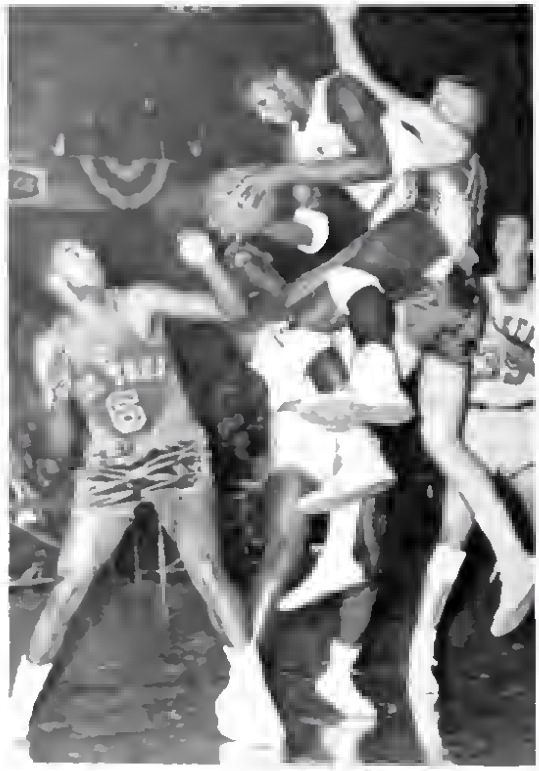
THE PROS

The National Basketball Association season moved into its second quarter with a combination of ups, downs and outs. Boston, expectedly, and Los Angeles, unexpectedly, were up and running away from their division pursuers. Chicago, the league's newest entry, and St. Louis were down. Hawk Coach Paul Seymour was out—replaced by former Hawk Coach Fuzzy Levane.

Neither the quick temper of Coach Red Auerbach nor the bad knee of Bob Cousy could stop the **Boston** Celtics in the Eastern Division. Auerbach was suspended for three games, but the Celtics won all three under Player-Coach Cousy. When Cousy's knee was injured other Celtics made the points. Without a leader in the top 10, Boston got balanced scoring from Tom Heinsohn, Frank Ramsey and Sam Jones (Bill Sharman was hardly missed) and Bill Russell, the league's premier defenseman. Russell stuffed basketballs down the throats of shocked opponents and captured rebounds at a rate second only to **Philadelphia**'s Wilt Chamberlain. In between his rebounding Wilt added another record to the books. He scored 78 points against Los Angeles with the aid of three overtimes, came back the next afternoon to hit 61. To date, he has played 25 straight games without a second on the bench. The Warriors could only split the two games, however, causing Freshman Coach Frank McGuire to complain that the opposition was using the outlawed zone defense against Wilt. Showing weakness up front ("We never know what to expect," says **Syracuse** President Dan Biasone), the Nationals were alternately hot and cold. Dolph Schayes was scoring but lacked his usual strength under the backboards. Popshooter Larry Costello perked up the backcourt and rookie Lee Shaffer showed well. No matter how hard they tried, the **New York** Knickerbockers didn't show a thing. A new coach, Eddie Donovan from St. Bonaventure, an improved Johnny Green and a hot-handed Richie Guerin (the league's fourth-best scorer) failed to meet New York's crying need: a good big man.

The **Los Angeles** Lakers were the class of the Western Division, with Elgin Baylor and Jerry West among the top performers. Baylor was second in league scoring with a 34.6 average and fourth in rebounds. West was sixth in scoring (28.7) and fifth in assists. Baylor even took the loss of his single-game scoring record lightly. After Chamberlain's 78 broke Baylor's mark of 71, the Laker forward was asked if he thought the achievement was somewhat clouded by the three overtimes. "Baloney," said Baylor. "Wilt has the record, period." The Lakers were still worried by Baylor's January draft call, but Coach Fred Schaus hoped for a reprieve on four counts: 1) Baylor's dependency claim, 2) a neck twitch, 3) a change in the Government's plans and 4) "I need him." Concentration on defense, steady scoring from Oscar Robertson and Jack Twyman and the improvement of Wayne Embry at center changed the **Cincinnati** Royals from a last-place team to a first-place challenger. "In this league," said GM Pep Wilson, "you can always make up the scoring opportunities. You can't make up what you lose on defense." The Royals were better on defense and second in their division. After a slow start the **Detroit** Pistons showed signs of new vigor. Stalwarts Gene Shue and Bailey Howell broke out of slumps and began hitting again. Exciting rookies John Egan and Ray Scott were improving on schedule and second-year Guard Don Ohl added an outside scoring threat to the Detroit offense. "We're getting a lot of points out of a lot of guys," said Coach Dick McGuire, explaining his team's success. The **St. Louis** Hawks, getting a lot of points out of only three guys, were in sharp decline. Bob Pettit, Clyde Lovellette and Cliff Hagan scored heavily in the front court (72.8 average), but the backcourt missed Len Wilkens, now in the Army. The **Chicago** Packers were playing as expected—in last place—in their first season. Old hand Bob Leonard shot well from outside and was being helped considerably by Si Green, recently acquired in a trade from St. Louis. Rookie Walt Bellamy topped the league in shooting percentage with .506, refused to give an inch in the rough battling under the basket.

The American Basketball League had two main problems, long trips (Washington, D.C. to Hawaii) and short crowds. The leading teams were the **Kansas City** Steers in the Western Division and the **Cleveland** Pipers in the Eastern Division. Coached by former St. John's University player and pro star Jack McMahon, KC won eight straight, paced by Kansas U.'s Bill Bridges, before suffering a loss to Bill Sharman's LA Jets. Cleveland, using a team taken intact from the National Industrial Basketball League, had a slim lead over the **Pittsburgh** Rens.



FLYING ROOKIE Walt Bellamy of Chicago Packers gathers in a rebound against New York.

THE COLLEGES

Shunning the traditional soft openers, colleges swung into the season with cross-country tours and first-rate games. **USC** beat **Kentucky** 79-77 at Lexington and came home to dump **Kansas** 78-70, with John Rudometkin getting 27 points. National Champion **Cincinnati**, combining good defense with its alert attack, trounced **Wisconsin** 86-67. **Ohio State** won three big ones, beating **Pittsburgh** 99-79, **Wichita** 85-62 and **Wake Forest** (at Winston-Salem, N.C.) 84-62. **Mississippi State**, sharpening up for defense of its SEC championship, won four, and **Florida State** outshuffled the **Auburn** shufflers 56-52. **West Virginia** beat three of the leading contenders in the Southern Conference, with backcourters Rod Thorn and Jim McCormick leading the attack. **Utah**'s Bill (The Hill) McGill got 51 points against **West Texas State**, led the Redskins to two wins. **Santa Clara**, boomed as the cream of northern California, was off winging with four straight wins. After one week of play, **Texas** and **Texas A&M** had the only unbeaten Southwest Conference records. NIT champion **Providence** and **NYU**, **Princeton** and **Penn** came through handsomely in early games in the East, while 6-foot-10 Center LeRoy Ellis led **St. John's** to a 79-65 win over **George Washington** in the Redmen's first game at new Alumni Hall. In some places, however, the rugged schedules hurt; **Indiana**, **Arizona** and **Georgia Tech** were among the early, unexpected losers. Tech's loss to **Georgia** 70-67 was the first time in 11 games the Jackets bowed to the Bulldogs. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—NEW YORK METS, continuing their pursuit of available name players, bought Richie Ashburn, the 1958 National League batting champion, from the Chicago Cubs for a reported $75,000.

ROBERTO CLEMENTE, Pittsburgh Pirate outfielder, was officially declared National League batting champion. Clemente hit .351, finished eight points ahead of Cincinnati Centerfielder Vada Pinson, though Pinson had 208 hits to Clemente's 201. The Pirates won the team batting title but were next to last in runs batted in.

DOG SHOW—CH. WAKEFIELD'S BLACK KNIGHT, a black-and-white English springer spaniel, won the best-in-show award at the Kennel Club of Philadelphia. Black Knight, the first of his breed to win this honor, was called by Judge Alva Rosenberg "one of the soundest sporting dogs now being shown." An entry list of 1,695 made the Philadelphia show the largest indoor one-day competition in the country.

FIELD TRIAL—ARMFORTH'S MICKELWOOD DAN, owned by the Armforth Kennel of Chicago, won the English Springer Spaniel National Championship Stake at Weldon Spring, Mo. Mickelwood Dan's victory gave his owners their second straight national title. In 1960 Carswell Contessa, handled by Mrs. Phillip Armour Jr., co-owner of the Armforth Kennel, won the championship.

FOOTBALL (COLLEGE)—BAYLOR UNIVERSITY, one of the also-rans of the Southwest Conference, beat Utah State, ranked 10th nationally, 24–9, in the first Gotham Bowl game, at the Polo Grounds, New York City. Free of injuries for the first time this season, Baylor moved the ball easily against the bigger Utah line, and capitalized on five Aggie fumbles to score 17 of its 24 points. Baylor Back Ronnie Bull, who flew on to Chicago to negotiate a pro contract with the Bears, was chosen the game's most valuable player.

NEW MEXICO won the first Aviation Bowl game, beating Western Michigan 28–12 at Dayton. Unable to complete a pass, New Mexico rushed for 339 yards and four touchdowns.

CAMERON (Okla.) JUNIOR COLLEGE, led by Quarterback Bill Harper, upset Bakersfield (Calif.) JC 28–20 to win the Junior Rose Bowl at Pasadena, Calif. A crowd of 49,023 saw the Cameron quarterback run 31 yards for one touchdown and then pass 27 yards to Ulysses Kendall for another.

DARRELL ROYAL, coach of Southwest Conference co-champion University of Texas, was named Coach of the Year by the Football Writers' Association of America. Texas was ranked third in the country, will meet Mississippi in the Cotton Bowl on New Year's Day. Minnesota's Murray Warmath, last year's winner, was runner-up, and Bear Bryant, coach of unbeaten Alabama, was third.

(PRO)—NFL, Eastern Conference. NEW YORK won at least a tie in the division by defeating PHILADELPHIA 28–24. The victory moved the Giants one up on the Eagles with a single game left to play. CHICAGO scored 17 points in the last quarter to beat CLEVELAND 17–14 and cut the Browns out of a possible division playoff. PITTSBURGH scored in every period, whipped winless WASHINGTON 30–14 but remained in a fourth-place tie with ST. LOUIS. The Cards, with Quarterback Sam Etcheverry having his best day (13 completions out of 25 attempts for 265 yards), beat DALLAS 31–13. The Cowboys were in sixth place and the Redskins were last.

NFL, Western Conference. GREEN BAY, sluggishly playing out the remaining games on its schedule, lost to SAN FRANCISCO 21–22. DETROIT, its meager offense once again helped out by a sturdy defense, beat MINNESOTA 13–7. The Lions held on to second place, were followed by the 49ers. LOS ANGELES destroyed BALTIMORE's chance for second, beat the Colts 34–17. The victory pulled the Rams out of a tie for last with the Vikings, and left the Colts deadlocked with the Bears in fourth.

AFL, Eastern Division. HOUSTON, unbeatable since Coach Wally Lemm took over, won its eighth straight, beating NEW YORK 48–21. The Oilers gained 573 yards in total offense, 216 of them representing Billy Cannon's new one-game rushing record. Cannon also had 114 yards in pass receptions and scored five touchdowns. BOSTON kept pace with the high-powered Oilers, beat OAKLAND 15–21 to remain 1 game behind. The Titans were followed by BUFFALO, which lost to SAN DIEGO 28–10.

AFL, Western Division. The Chargers, having long since clinched the division title, marked time waiting for the AFL championship game. DALLAS, far behind the leader but second in the standings, defeated third-place DENVER 49–21. Oakland was last, but still had a chance to climb out of the division cellar.

GOLF—MICKEY WRIGHT, 26-year-old San Diego psychology student, was named Women's Golf Champion of the Year by LPGA. The leading money winner for 1961 with $22,236.21, Miss Wright scored the first women's "grand slam." She won the National Women's Open, the Women's PGA and the Titleholders' Championship.

RALPH HUTCHINSON, 50-year-old Bethlehem, Pa. golfer, carded a 34–38—72 to win the Bermuda Goodwill professional golf tournament at Hamilton, Bermuda. Jack Mallon and Roy Bronsdon tied for second at 74.

HARNESS RACING—ADIOS BUTLER was voted harness horse of the year by a panel of 113 writers and broadcasters. The 5-year-old pacer, considered the fastest harness horse of all time, received 100 first-place votes. Su-Mac-Lad, named the aged trotter of the year in divisional balloting, was second with six first-place votes.

HOCKEY—NHL. MONTREAL increased its narrow lead to 3 points over TORONTO. NEW YORK continued to backslide, fell to 8 points behind the leader. Improving DETROIT was next, only 6 points behind the Rangers, followed by CHICAGO and BOSTON.

MOTOR SPORTS—GLEN ROBERTS anchored a six-man team that set a 24-hour stock car endurance record of 108.819 mph at Darlington, S.C. Two teams drove 1962 Pontiacs and covered 2,612.5 miles without accident or injury.

SKATING—HENK VAN DER GRIFT, Holland's world champion speed skater, won the 500-meter race at Fagernes, Norway. Kees Jan Kroon, also of Holland, was second, followed by Haakon Olav Hansen of Norway. John Storm of Burbank, Calif., finished fourth.

SQUASH—AZAM KHAN, 36-year-old Pakistani, defeated his nephew, Mohibullah Khan, 9–6, 7–9, 10–8, 2–9, 9–4 to win the British Open Squash Championship in London. This is the fourth successive year that Azam has won the tournament and the 12th time a member of the Khan family has been British Open champion.

RALPH HOW, Yale University junior, defeated Charles W. Ufford Jr., 15–11, 10–15, 8–15, 15–5, 15–9 for the Gold Racquets Invitational singles championship held at the Rockaway Hunt Club, Cedarhurst, N.Y. Dr. Paul Steele and James Etheridge beat James Whitmoyer and Howard Davis 15–7, 15–10, 3–15, 11–15, 15–7 for the doubles title.

TENNIS—ROD LAVER broke Roy Emerson's serve in the fourth set, won the Victorian Men's singles championship 4–6, 8–6, 9–7, 6–3 at Melbourne. The loss may cost Emerson the No. 2 singles position for the Davis Cup Challenge Round later in the month against Italy.

Australia's MARGARET SMITH defeated Darlene Hard 6–3, 6–3 to win the women's singles title. It was the third consecutive time Miss Smith had beaten the U.S. champion.

TRACK & FIELD—WILLIAM R. PECK won the Western Hemisphere Marathon at Culver City, Calif., covering the 26-mile course in two hours 26 minutes 19 seconds. Frank Muller of Glendale (Calif.) College was second, and Ed Duncan of Bridgeport, Conn., was third.

MILEPORTS—RETIRED—TONY BROOKS, 29, Britain's distinguished racing driver, because of increased family responsibilities. In 10 years of racing he has won the German, French, Italian, British and European Grand Prix. Brooks is quitting, he says, "before I push my luck."

FIRED—DALE HALL, 37-year-old coach of the U.S. Military Academy football team, despite an *acceptable three-year record of 16–11–2 and another* year to run on his contract. Army's failure to beat Navy during Hall's tenure was undoubtedly the principal cause of his dismissal.

DIED—EMILE FUCHS, former New York police court magistrate and owner of the Boston Braves from 1923 to 1935, in Boston. Judge Fuchs was a pioneer in baseball promotions. He was instrumental in having Sunday baseball legalized in Massachusetts and was an early advocate of knothole gangs and ladies' day programs. In 1935 he hired Babe Ruth, who had been released by the Yankees, to serve as player, assistant manager and vice-president of the Braves. In spite of his efforts, however, the Braves went into bankruptcy that same year, and Fuchs lost the club in the late Charles F. Adams for a reported $200,000.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

28—New [illegible] Milwaukee 31—drawings by Frank Mullen 48—Jan[illegible] 51—G. I. Walden 52—Marvin E. Newman 54—Walter Iooss Jr. 57—Phil Bath 58—Art [illegible] P. 69—A.P. 70—Walter Pettigo, C. Scott Hoag, Portland Press Herald, Gerry Cranham, Bruce Bellingham Sunday Courier and Press 72—George Bach for South Lin[illegible] and Chesham Press Service.

FACES IN THE CROWD



EARL LUNSFORD, 200-pound Calgary (Alta.) fullback, became the first player in Canadian pro football to carry the ball for more than a mile in a single season, with a total of 1,794 yards. This broke the mark set in 1957 by Edmonton's John Bright, former star at Drake.



JANE MAYO, 25, of Okemah, Okla., who learned to ride as a child on a 25-year-old horse without a saddle ("We couldn't afford it"), won the Girls' Championship Barrel Racing title in Scottsdale, Ariz. for the third year in a row on the same horse, V's Sandy.



PORT ROBERTSON, 47-year-old wrestling coach of the 1960 U.S. Olympic team and a member of the Helms Hall of Fame, returned to the position of head coach at Oklahoma when top protege Tommy Evans was called to active service by the Air Force.



HARLOW OALY, retired accountant from Sanford, Me. and holder of the New England amateur chess championship (he won the New England professional championship in 1908 at 24), won the annual Maine Open Chess Tournament, beating Larry Eldridge.



TOM BLODGETT, 22, from Great Barrington, Mass., a student at Cambridge, paced his freshman team to an 84–51 outdoor track win over Oxford despite displeasure with the English weather ("It's freezing"), with victories in four events and a total 20 points.



HERMAN BYERS, 56-year-old football coach at Evansville (Ind.) Reitz High School, guided his team to its second straight state title. Reitz was undefeated, untied and unscored upon in nine games. Says Byers, in explanation of success: "I'm a perfectionist."

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

GOLF FOLLIES

Sirs:

Alfred Wright's article (*Developing Crisis in Pro Golf*, Dec. 4) is utterly ridiculous in its attempt to make a circus of pro golf. Golf has always been and should remain a sport—not a commercial venture as suggested. A "Barnum or a Ziegfeld" would turn a great game into a zany farce.

I'm surprised that you would condone such an idea.

FRED CALLOWHILL

Holden, Mass.

Sirs:

The 1962 PGA championship, to be played at Aronimink Golf Club, just outside Philadelphia, next July, will probably be the most comfortable, the most "sittingest" tournament in the history of golf.

More than 7,500 bleacher seats, free to ticket holders, will be set up back of most holes and at other strategic viewing places. This is more seats than ever before available at any tournament. What's more, portable, battery-powered television sets will enable fans out on the course to pick up what's happening around the finishing holes.

We're stringing more than nine miles of nylon rope (to help save the fans from themselves). Forty extra acres of ground have been cleared for parking, and, as an innovation, each car will be assured of a reserved space each day.

Aronimink is not only beautiful, it is accessible. We have 600 volunteers working to make the championship a success—and comfortable, too.

JACK A. MACINNES
1962 PGA General Chairman

Newton Square, Pa.

BACKCOURT BONFIRES

Sirs:

Thanks for a magnificent preview of basketball (SI, Dec. 11). However, Coach John Benington of St. Louis must have really "foxed" your reporter on his Billiken backcourt men, who, you say, are "considerably slower than the others in this fast league."

For the record right here and now, Benington has in Dave Harris and George Latinovich probably the fastest pair of guards in college basketball today. In their last game at Kansas, Latinovich and Harris, with the help of line sophomore Gary Garrison, utterly decimated Kansas, getting about 15 points apiece. And these speedsters played less than half the game.

FRED HAYES

Clinton, Ind.

Sirs:

Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio has not been mentioned. This team last year led the nation in defense—both major and small colleges included—was ranked sixth among the nation's small colleges by UPI, placed three players on the little All-America team and won the NCAA Small College Championship 1960-61.

ROBERT B. DANNELLY

Tuckerton, N. J.

HONORS

Sirs:

I want to cast the biggest vote I can for your Sportsman of the Year. It is inconceivable to me that anyone besides Phil Hill could be selected. I place him ahead of Roger Maris, Wilt Chamberlain, *et al*.

COLONEL B. J. BROWN, USA

New York City

Sirs:

I wish to nominate a Sportswoman of the Year: Chris von Saltza, of the Santa Clara Swim Club. Even though she didn't do anything spectacular this year, she showed her great sportsmanship at the national swimming and diving championships in Philadelphia. To scratch out of an event, where she had her last chance to show to the onrush of young stars that she still had her Olympic touch, and give a teammate a better chance at making the team and representing her country abroad was by far the greatest showing of sportsmanship I have seen in a long time.

MICHAEL A. CONNERS

Milwaukee

FITNESS (FOR THE LAZY)

Sirs:

The current interest in isometric exercises is very pleasing. However, I should like to add a word of caution to the exercise series you published with my recommendations (*Get Trim and Strong in Seconds*, Dec. 4). Isometrics are *not* a cure-all and without proper evaluation and use this type of exercise may do more harm than good. Most individuals, especially those who lead rather sedentary lives, should include exercises in their daily programs that stress cardiovascular and muscular-endurance work as well as body-strengthening exercises.

Our laboratory here at Southern Illinois University is interested in all types of exercises. However, we have been primarily concerned with developing a measuring method, called muluple-angle testing, which is used to evaluate muscular strength and which aids in determining what exercise to prescribe.

Most people don't like to exercise. Therefore, we have been trying to develop an exercise supplement. Since this program is based on the individual's needs, it becomes meaningful and requires less time, as only the exercise that is necessary is applied.

JAY A. BENDER
Professor of Physical Education

Carbondale, Ill.

Sirs:

The really new idea is not isometric contraction but how much of any kind of contraction, *i.e.*, with or without movement, is necessary to cause a muscle to grow stronger. Because the amount of contraction can be best measured when the exercise is isometric, Professor Muller of Dortmund, Germany employed this form of contraction in his studies begun in the 1940s. It was this work that led to the hard-to-believe finding that if a muscle is contracted just once a day to something like 40% to 60% of its maximal ability, that muscle will grow in strength just as fast as it can grow.

ARTHUR H. STEINHAUS
Professor of Physiology and Dean
George Williams College

Chicago

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PAT ON THE BACK



ST. JOSEPH'S SOCCER TEAM

They play between prayers

The game of soccer, some say, originated 11 centuries ago in England, when a few dedicated youths started kicking around the head of a Dane who had been captured while raiding one of the coastal villages. The dedicated soccer players (above) probably would not go that far to obtain a ball, but they do approach the game just as enthusiastically. All are seminarians at St. Joseph's Roman Catholic training college in Up Holland, Lancashire, and they have not been beaten in two years. "We'd like to play even more," sighs Center Half Denis Cunningham, the team captain, "but our studies keep us too busy."

While St. Joseph's seminarians do most of their hooting against other religious institutions, they have the manpower to compete against town teams as well. One of the center forwards who keeps them winning in this faster company is another Cunningham, Martin (*far right*), a former Irish Rugby Union player, whose studies, apparently, have further educated his toe. One of the team's stars is Goalie Michael McKenna, who regards each goal scored against him as an offense against charity. The St. Joseph's players are always perfect gentlemen on the field. "They do not answer back," says a satisfied official, "and they never—well, they hardly ever—foul."



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2 teaspoons pure orange extract
2½ cups fresh orange juice
6 oz. fresh lemon juice
4 oz. Hiram Walker's Blackberry Liqueur

In mixing bowl, mash thin orange peel in sugar. Add strained orange and lemon juice. Stir until sugar dissolves. Add Canadian Club, Hiram Walker's Blackberry Liqueur, orange extract. Season in refrigerator 4 hours. Remove peel. Pour over block of ice in punch bowl. Serve in punch cups with thin slices of orange.

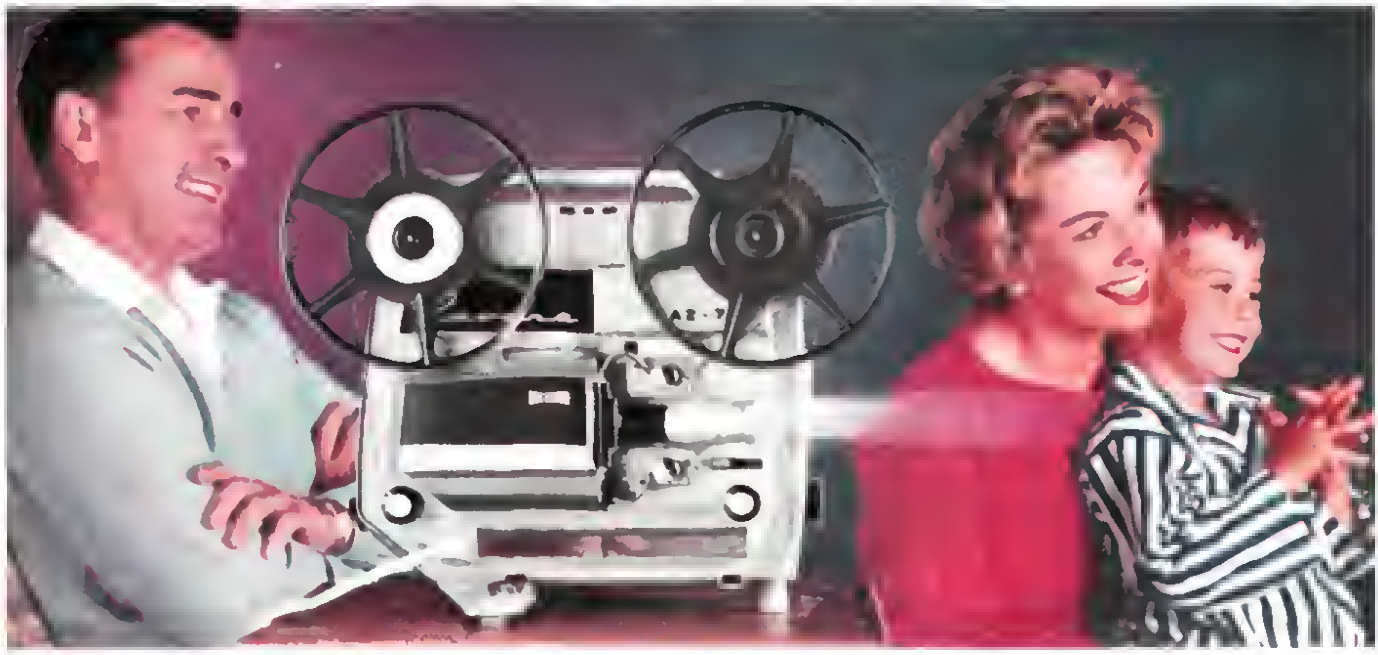
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